1066-1067—Vol. 41. Dec. 17, 1881.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

CHRISTMAS TRIPLE NUMBER.

COLOURED SUPPLEMENT. AND TWO SHEETS AND A HALF OF CHRISTMASSING.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

THE BEST DANCE FOR CHRISTMAS: SWEDISH COUNTRY DANCE.

Triple Christmas Number

OF THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

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AND

"MY NEW BONNET,"

THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT,

PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS.

SECOND EDITION.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

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The Penny Illustrated Paper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

OUR CHRISTMAS LETTER.

"OVER the Garden Wall," the favourite comic song in the pantomimes of last Christmas, survives in the shape of one of the liveliest sets of quadrilles imaginable—and in the form of the above atrocity of the season. Next to a merry Christmas Dinner, a vivacious burst of dance music is the most essential feature in the festive gathering of the year. The question uppermost in many homes is—What is there new that's good? Well, I can't say the recent comic operas, French or English, have produced anything to equal Arthur Sullivan's "Pinafore" music, or the melodious "Clôches de Corneville" tunes, in jollity and "go." We are in great need of something "snappy" this Christmas. The "waits" have tootle-tootled the "glou-glou" air from "La Mascotte" under my window in the small hours; but I cannot say with truth the repetition was equal to the original of pretty Violet Cameron. Perhaps H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is as fair a judge of a waltz as anyone; and, allowing this, the fact that Oscar Seydel's "Weit von Dir" ("Far from Thee") figured in the programme of the Court Ball at Buckingham Palace may be accepted as proof that in this waltz Mr. B. Williams has secured a welcome novelty for Christmas parties. Quadrilles! By all means, get the new "Volkslieder Quadrille" from Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co. Hopwood and Crew's "Christmas Dance Album for 1881-2" will also be a remunerative investment for a shilling; and the same music-publishers have an acceptable novelty in "Coote's Lights o' London Quadrille." Whatever you do, however, be sure to include the Swedish Country Dance in your programme. With that ever-graceful pencil of his, Mr. Alfred Hunt—the true Artist for Christmas-time—has tastefully drawn one figure of this exhilarating dance, which puts everybody in good humour, which brings young people together in the pleasantest fashion, and which, combining an interesting variety of manœuvres with a family likeness to the dear old Sir Roger de Coverley, is by far the best Country Dance I am acquainted with. Any Country Dance tune will do for the Swedish Country Dance. The top couple give the cue by opening with—but there! it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the various figures without a practical illustration of the Swedish Country Dance, which, take my word for it, will add to the joviality of every party that tries this unfailing remedy for dyspepsia and many of the other ills flesh is heir to. One trial will suffice.

* * * * *

Good Cheer should be cheaper this Christmas now that meat and poultry pour into England from Canada and the United States in such quantities. If enterprise and competition can reduce the price of oysters to 1s. 6d. per dozen—and very sound Anglo-Dutch or Americans can be bought in London at that price—what keeps meat so dear? With me, the perplexed housekeeper will give that riddle up, I fancy.

* * * * *

Deep sympathy with those who lost friends and relatives by the lamentable fire at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, has naturally been quickly followed by a note of alarm with regard to our own theatres. The bell has rung most seasonably on the eve of the Pantomime period, when the stage is flooded with light for the sake of scenic effect; and we may, I trust, rely on our Managers—the men who have most at stake—using even more accustomed precautions to guard their houses against so terrible a contingency as a great conflagration.

* * * * *

The varied fare of our Christmas Triple Number is rich enough to speak for itself. But I must claim a line to personally thank Mrs. Seymour Lucas (*née* Marie Cornelissen) for her charmingly natural painting of "My New Bonnet," the original of the Coloured Supplement which needs only to be seen to become a general favourite. At least, so thinks— PHILIP

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

"WELCOME, CHRISTMAS!" a new and genial song for yuletide, by Mr. J. Arnold Cave, may be opportunely noticed. It is written in the kindly spirit most suitable to the theme, as may be judged from the first verse:—

WELCOME, CHRISTMAS!

Welcome, dear Christmas! what joy 'tis to hear
The church bells proclaiming thy presence is near.
What love and affection, which ne'er are apart,
You, Old Father Christmas, instil in the heart!
Ah! would that among us you always could be!
Then Life would be past through with pleasure and glee;
In Harmony live, like angels above,
And man act to man in friendship and love!

Quips and Cranks.

"MY BRODDERS," said a waggish coloured man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "What? what?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

THE PERFECTLY SQUARE MAN is sure to be round at the right time.

A MOTHER advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted away when that candid damsel replied—"Oh, no, ma; it spoils the gentleman's vests!"

A TEMPERANCE EDITOR, in drawing attention to an article on ardent spirits in one of his papers, says, "For the effects of intemperance, see our inside."

SWELL: "I want you to make me a shortcoat without tails or seams in the back. Do you know what I mean?" German Tailor: "Yaas, yaas, I know vat you vant. You vant a strait jacket."

AMERICAN HARVESTS.—Moody and Sankey's receipts.

"ARE YOU FOND OF NOVELS?" asked Mrs. Jones. "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, Madame," said Jones; "I never read so many in all my life."

A STORY reaches us from the Black Country. A few years ago the wife of a miner died, and as she was being carried to the grave the mourners tripped against the steps of the churchyard and the coffin fell. The woman revived, having only been in a trance. Last week she really died, and as the mourners were ascending the same steps the heart-broken widower sobbed out, "Steady boys! steady there! Be very—ve-ry careful."

"HAVE YOU NOT MISTAKEN THE PEW, SIR?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger who entered it.—"I beg pardon," said the intruder, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

Christmas Nosegay of News.

Her Majesty had the gratification of finding the Empress Eugénie better on Dec. 8, when the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, came to town expressly to see the illustrious exile. Returning to Windsor, her Majesty prepared for the annual religious ceremony by the graveside of the Prince Consort—a ceremony which drew the whole of the elder members of the Royal Family in England to the side of the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had an enjoyable time of it in the West of England before the time came to make their pilgrimage to Windsor. Good sport—pleasant company—genial men and pretty women—a bountiful table—and effusive loyalty! These the Marquis of Bath provided at Longleat. The Princess and accompanying beauties, with the Marchioness of Bath, on the 8th inst. delighted Frome with a visit. Nothing but praises of the Princess have been heard since at Mr. Singer's establishment, where H.R.H. made some purchases, and sent the chief shop-walker into ecstacies by her sweet smile.

The Queen leaves Windsor for Osborne a little later than usual this month; but will be there in time to gratify the young people with their customary gifts from the Christmas-Tree. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice will be at the Wight this Christmas with her Majesty.

Mr. Bright, whilst on a visit to Llandudno, on the 8th inst., laid the foundation-stone of a new Board School in that town. Later in the day the right hon. gentleman was presented with an address at a great public meeting, in which reference was made to his long and distinguished services in the cause of education and of intellectual progress. Mr. Bright, in reply, dwelt at length upon educational topics, and contrasted the position of the country now with what it was in the early part of the century, when education was a monopoly enjoyed by the higher classes only. In those days the large houses of the country were its poorhouses and its prisons, and wars and pauperism were the result. Nowadays there were schools in every town and village, and the people were more desirous to cultivate the arts of peace than those of war.

His Holiness the Pope is far from well. On the 8th inst. the Pope celebrated Mass at the canonisation of four new saints in Rome. He said it rejoiced him in the midst of his tribulations to be able to augment the number of the elect; but it is stated that his voice was very feeble, and that he constantly required to be supported by the assistants while performing the service.

The Lord Mayor's Fund in aid of Distressed Irish Ladies amounts to over £3000. The Corporation of London voted £210, and the Fishmongers' Company £105, and among other donors are the Earl of Derby, £100; Mr. Charles Waring, £100; Mr. Walter Morrison, £100.

The Lord Mayor has set on foot another good movement. To help boycotted persons and households; to do work for men whose labourers refuse to work for them; to attend sales and see that the effects of evicted tenants are not bought in at low prices by a combination of neighbours not to bid—are among the public objects of the Property Defence Association, to aid which probably the Mansion House Fund will be in great part devoted.

The Wimbledon Mystery has reached another stage. On the 8th inst., Mr. George Henry Lamson was brought before Mr. Paget, at the Hammersmith Police Court, charged on suspicion of causing the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Percy Malcolm John, a student at Wimbledon. The prisoner in the course of the day had gone to Scotland-yard and expressed his willingness to render any assistance in the inquiry relating to the death of Mr. John, and was then taken into custody. Mr. Bedbrook, principal of Blenheim House School at Wimbledon, where the deceased lad was a boarder, described the incidents which immediately preceded his death, and after some other evidence had been given a remand was granted, bail having been refused.

THE CALF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

GALLANT RESCUE OF THE MEN.

The six men who had been on the Calf Rock for several days since the Calf Rock Lighthouse was partially destroyed were rescued on the 8th inst., and safely brought to shore.

Her Majesty's gun-boat Seahorse, Captain Gravener, and three small boats under the direction of Michael O'Shea, left Dursey Sound in the morning at nine o'clock. A life-buoy with a line attached to it was thrown by the men on to the rock and picked up by O'Shea. A strong rope was fastened to it, and it was hauled on the rock by the men, who then, when the tide was low, rushed down the steps one at a time, and, jumping into the sea, were dragged on board the small boats, and subsequently transferred to the Seahorse, where dry clothing and stimulants were supplied to them. They had cork jackets and life-buoys on the rock, and put them on, which prevented them from sinking, but their passage seemed a very fearful one to the onlookers, as the surf washed over them, the sea being still very rough. When the last man came down he was completely enveloped by the waves with so much violence that surprise was felt when he emerged uninjured. A tradesman named Byrne, who had come from Kingstown a short time ago to do some repairs at the lighthouse, appears to have suffered the most. He was fainting when he was lifted to the gun-boat, but afterwards revived, and, it is hoped, will sustain no permanent injury from the hardships he has endured.

O'Shea's courage and determination are greatly praised. Captain Gravener, of the Seahorse, presented him with £5 in recognition of his services, and made a similar gift to the crews of the three boats.

CHRISTMAS SHOW OF THE KENNEL CLUB

The Kennel Club's eighteenth exhibition of sporting and other dogs was opened at the Alexandra Palace on the 9th inst. The tendency of these shows to grow in importance was well illustrated by the success of this exhibition. There were this year no fewer than 1195 entries. In addition to the living examples of the canine breeds, there was a new feature in an exhibition of pictures and models of famous pets. One of the dogs "done in oil" was the famous "Oakleigh Topper," the winner of this year's Fox-terrier Derby. The models were by Mrs. Warner Sleigh, one of her subjects being Basset-Hound Jupiter, exhibited by her at this year's Royal Academy.

The strongest competition among the living animals appeared to be, as usual, in pointers and setters. The champion prizes for competition by pointers previous winners of three first prizes at shows registered in the stud books were awarded to Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's "Wagg," a dog priced in the catalogue at £250, and to Mr. Pilkington's pointer bitch "Lilac." The champion setter was "Count Wind'em," shown by Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn, of Lincolnshire. There was a magnificent display of dogs of the St. Bernard breed, the champions in this class being "Champion Cadwallader," shown by Mr. H. C. Joplin, Liverpool, and "Ida," the property of Mr. J. Valentine, Peckham-rye. The fox terrier class was also a favourite one, competition having been stimulated by specially good prizes. The bloodhounds or great Danes formed a limited but specially interesting class. Some people imagine these animals to be originally boar hunters, but members of the Kennel Club will enlighten them on this point, and assure them that the name is simply a corruption of the German word *bauerhund*. The Dachshunds were pretty numerous. The popular Dandie Dinmont was strongly represented, as well as other terriers. The cherished ugliness of the bull-dog might have been doted upon in this show for hours. Any other class almost that occurs to dog-fanciers to name might also be found in the show, and special interest was taken in a class set apart for foreign dogs not classed separately. Mr. W. K. Taunton, Hatton-garden, showed several interesting creatures in this class. One of them—an Esquimaux, rejoicing in the name of Sir John Franklin—took a first prize. The same exhibitor also won prizes with a "black Chinese edible dog," a Norwegian sheep dog, and a curious animal from Afghanistan. Among other curiosities were a Persian greyhound, a Himalayan wolf dog, a "Chinese canter," and a "Shantong terrier." The duties of secretary and manager were discharged by Mr. H. St. James Stephen and Mr. J. Douglas.

A Thoughtful Prince.—The Duke of Edinburgh has sent a present of ten brace of pheasants for the patients in the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich. His Royal Highness is president of this hospital, in which at the present time there are 200 sick sailors from all parts of the world. A few more brace, accordingly, could be put away here.

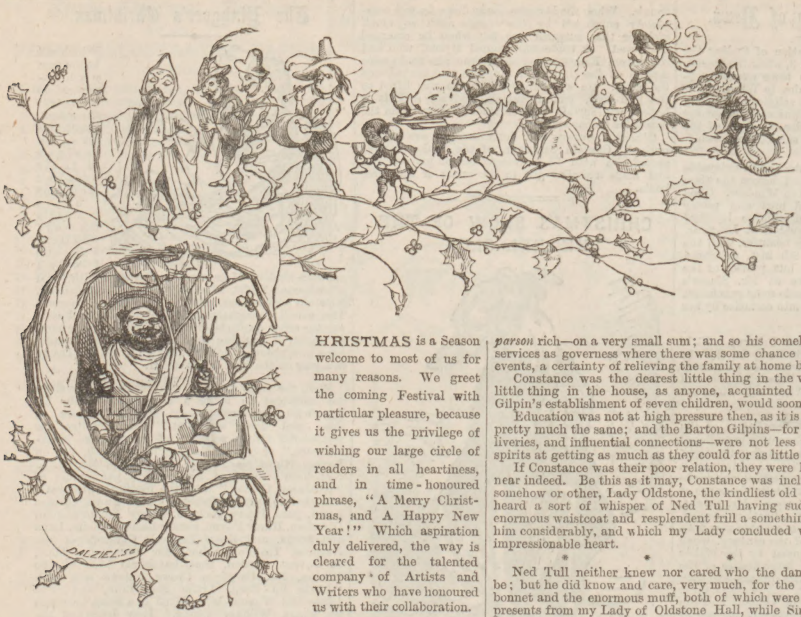
The Playgoer's Christmas.

Which will be the best pantomime? It is early yet to guess. Managers are so jealous of their brother Managers that "mum's the word" with them. I am sure I wish another kind of Mum may be the word with them after Boxing Night. Their labours must be herculean. Now do clowns, too, put on their gravest aspect. The usually sprightly and straight Harry Payne was the other day to be seen bent with care—the care, no doubt, of evolving from his inner consciousness some new practical joke wherewith to set Old Drury in a roar on the 26th of December.

Well, the mere titles of the Christmas novelties are sufficient to make a schoolboy smack his lips with an anticipatory relish. "Look at this, and look at that!" and judge for yourselves. "On a scale of unsurpassed magnificence," of course, Mr. Augustus Harris will on Boxing Night produce at Drury Lane Mr. E. L. Blanchard's (hundred and oneth?) pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," with the leading "business" intrusted to Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Charles Lauri, jun., Harry Jackson, Harry Nicholls, John D'Auban, Harry Payne, Fanny Leslie, Amalia, Luna and Stella, and Katti Lanner's Children of the National Training School for Dancing. Then, at Covent Garden, that handsome hero of the Crimea, Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, follows suit with "Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, and The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," written by smart William Yonge. They boast at the Garden of "The funniest Clown, and best Pantomime Troupe, including the Marvellous Girards;" but they'll find it difficult to exhibit a better clown than Harry Payne. I look for great things, however, at Covent Garden from the fresh life that has been infused into the management. No pantomime proper—a pity!—at the Westminster Theatre this Christmas; perhaps Captain Hobson deemed it might be considered to cast reflections on the coming performance at St. Stephen's; but the lively pantomimic drama—of the "Voyage en Suisse" type—written by Mr. Joseph Mackay for M. Agoust will probably prove equally attractive. Looking round at the little Royalty in Soho, I hear with pleasure that Lydia Thompson, most enchanting of actresses, will reappear in burlesque on Boxing Night, Mr. Byron providing for the occasion a touched-up version of his old Strand comicality, "Pluto; or, Little Orpheus and His Lute." Mr. John Douglass relies at the Standard on the well-proved attractions of "Sindbad, the Sailor." At the Surrey, "Mother Bunch" will have the advantage of Mr. George Conquest's personal superintendence. Mention of the Surrey reminds me that, at the Holland benefit at Drury Lane, Mr. Harris not only generously lent the theatre, but also handed over the cost of the gas and other expenses to the committee. At the most finished equestrian circle, Hengler's, a charming novelty is in preparation for Christmas. The Grecian pantomime is due on Christmas Eve. Mr. Frank Green, who had the refusal of the Covent Garden pantomime, has written for the popular and well-managed Marylebone, "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp," which is certain to glitter with special brightness, inasmuch as Mr. West will have the valuable aid of Mr. J. Arnold Cave in its production. Recrossing the Thames, I note that Mr. George Sanger is making stupendous efforts to transcend his previous spectacular triumphs; and that at the Elephant and Castle (opposite Tarn's) "Little Jack Horner; or, Harlequin and Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," will be the Novelty. The Britannia generally has one of the jolliest pantomimes of the year; and this year promises well. "All the Fun of the Fair" will be going on at the Agricultural Hall, a rendezvous of all the shows in the kingdom. The Crystal Palace people should have named their pantomime, "The Fairy Electra; or, Harlequin of the Magic Wand," for Electricity will be *the* Magnetic attraction at Sydenham this Christmas. At the Alexandra, in addition to the promise of a good pantomime, Blondin will again walk the high rope. Plenty to choose from, you see.

The Royal Baron of Beef will be supplied by Messrs. Webb, of Windsor, and will be cut from a very prime red and white shorthorn ox bred by the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot Park, which was included in the sale of stock at the Royal farm, and was bought by the Royal purveyors for £73. The joint will weigh about 300lb. It will be roasted at Windsor Castle and sent to Osborne, and will form part of the Royal fare at Christmas.

Have it in Your Houses.—Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.—The cure in Smallpox, Fevers, Skin Diseases, or Bilious Sickness. Sold by Chemists, and the only Maker, H. Lamplough, 113, Holborn-hill, London, E.C.—[Advt.]



HRISTMAS is a Season welcome to most of us for many reasons. We greet the coming Festival with particular pleasure, because it gives us the privilege of wishing our large circle of readers in all heartiness, and in time-honoured phrase, "A Merry Christmas, and A Happy New Year!" Which aspiration duly delivered, the way is cleared for the talented company of Artists and Writers who have honoured us with their collaboration.

THE MISTLETOE SPRIG OF OLDSTONE HALL.

(FROM THE OLDSTONE CHRONICLES.)

BY F. C. BURNAND.

They were asked down to Oldstone by the Baronet and his lady—grandpapa and grandmama. Two coaches full; one held the Barton Gilpins, bringing Miss Constance Greville, and the other brought Squire Tull and his family, with young Ned Tull, Sir Marmaduke Oldstone's grandson.

Ned would have preferred a Christmas in town had he not heard of Miss Constance being expected; and as he looked out of the postchaise, in which, with his portly parents, he had a far from comfortable seat, he scarcely congratulated himself on having relinquished the dissipations of the metropolis on seeing Miss Constance, listening demurely enough, if attitude went for anything, to the remarks of a young dandy recently come in from riding.

What *he* was saying Ned Tull hadn't an idea. What he himself, Ned Tull, would have been saying in a similar position, was as clear as possible.

"Constance must be won this Christmas Eve," muttered Ned to himself, as, on the chariot turning the corner, he obtained a nore distinct view of he youthful beau who was paying most assiduous court to the lady in question.

Constance Greville was a sort of relation of the Gilpins—"the sort" being a very poor one. She was the daughter of a country clergyman who was "passing rich"—or *parson* rich—on a very small sum; and so his comely daughter had to give her services as governess where there was some chance of remuneration, and, at all events, a certainty of relieving the family at home by her enforced absence.

Constance was the dearest little thing in the world; and was the cheapest little thing in the house, as anyone, acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Barton Gilpin's establishment of seven children, would soon have ascertained.

Education was not at high pressure then, as it is now, but human nature was pretty much the same; and the Barton Gilpins—for all their fine house, splendid liveries, and influential connections—were not less pleased than other generous spirits at getting as much as they could for as little as possible.

If Constance was their poor relation, they were her "*near*" relations—very near indeed. Be this as it may, Constance was included in the invitation; for, somehow or other, Lady Oldstone, the kindliest old gentlewoman possible, had heard a sort of whisper of Ned Tull having suddenly discovered under his enormous waistcoat and resplendent frill a something which seemed to trouble him considerably, and which my Lady concluded was most certainly a warm, impressionable heart.

* * * * *

Ned Tull neither knew nor cared who the dandy in the riding-coat might be; but he did know and care, very much, for the little lady in the prodigious bonnet and the enormous muff, both of which were seasonable and fashionable presents from my Lady of Oldstone Hall, while Sir Marmaduke had presented her with a stick *à la mode* and a neat little silken purse for her own private pocket, accompanied by a neat little speech for her own private ear.

So Constance's heart was glad; and no wonder there was a smile on her lips, as Dick Pauncefort, after a formal introduction, began paying his court to her in the latest style of Fop's Alley.

She curtsied; he bowed.

Sir Marmaduke, at the door, called out,

"Here, Dick Pauncefort, let me introduce to you my grandson, Master Edward Tull. You're just about of an age, and ought to know one another."

The two young men saluted each other courteously, but rather more ceremoniously than Sir Marmaduke had expected. He was a stickler for ceremony, but not on these occasions. However, he trusted to a loving cup of spiced wine, round the cheery fire, to smooth the wrinkles and warm the hearts.

They all adjourned to the dining-room, where the butler, the men-servants, and maids, were preparing for keeping the eve in true old-fashioned style.

Christmas itself was to be magnificent, but this was just the preparation, the overture.

It was not to be a late night. There was to be no deep drinking, or long sitting, but a merry dinner, foreshadowing the Pudding, the Turkey, and the

"THE MISTLETOE SPRIG OF OLDSTONE HALL:" SEE MR. BURNAND'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.

[SEE MR. G. R. SIMS'S CHRISTMAS STORY.]

Boar's Head, which were to be in all their glory to-morrow, and a social, cheery gathering in the evening to dance until midnight, and not a minute after, so as to be ready for the duties and pleasures of the next day.

My Lady had strictly commanded her maids that, on no account, should any mistletoe appear before Christmas day itself. That was her rule.

"Plenty of Folly, under the Holly," said the Old Lady, "on the day itself; but not before."

But Dick Pauncefort had a design.

Stealing quietly out of the drawing-room, he chose a secluded spot behind "My Grandfather's clock"—since celebrated in the ballad-lore of our country, or rather of our town—and fixed the tiniest atom of mistletoe to the bottom of the lamp that hung in the recess.

Then he retired.

In the meantime, Ned has engaged Constance in a tête-à-tête, and has taken good care to secure her as his neighbour at dinner, and as his partner in most of the dances afterwards. Health and Happiness, and Christmas Cheer, and a Hearty Welcome to Oldstone Hall were the toasts of the evening; the Host and Hostess were "drunk" with all the honours, and, after a brief discussion of the full-bodied port, which Squire Tull and the elders were loth to leave, but for the prospect of a midnight bowl of punch by way of a nightcap, the whole party re-assembled in the drawing-room, where spinnet, fiddles, and "all kinds of music" were already tuning up for glees, carols, and the dance.

"Why," observed Squire Tull, who was in the merriest mood possible, "there's no mistletoe!"

The omission was noticed by all in various ways.

Miss Constance smiled at the fire.

Dick Pauncefort looked hard at her, which is a wrong expression in his case, as he looked anything but hard—on the contrary, remarkably soft, until, meeting Amelia Tull's glance, he seemed to be a bit ashamed of himself, and pretended to be absorbed in contemplating the decorations.

Ned Tull looked angry, and then looked foolish.

Sir Marmaduke answered his son-in-law the Squire.

"My dear John, don't you know by this time that we never *do* have mistletoe on Christmas Eve?"

"I never noticed its absence before," the Squire protested.

"And you don't know the story?" asked my Lady.

Well, whether *he* did or not, or whether *they* did or not, very certain it is that Sir Marmaduke was ready to give it them in rhyme, in his bluff, old, hearty voice, with a good tune and a chorus to it, too, on which he absolutely insisted. He called it

THE SPRIG OF MISTLETOE.

(*From the Chronicles of Oldstone Hall.*)

I.

In Mistletoe Hall there's a legend old,
The Mistletoe Kiss, 'tis writ in gold.
On a parchment scroll of an ancient date,
When the Red and White Rose were within the gate.
When Christmas Eve was kept in the way
That our forefathers kept it for many a day.
When the merry retainers a carol sang,
And a bell in the tower a welcome rang.
Sing ho! sing hey!
Be merry and gay,
With the Mistletoe Bough
In the ancient way!
Chorus (*taken up by all the guests*),
Sing ho! sing hey! &c.

II.

In Oldstone Hall, so the story goes,
Were met the friends of the pure White Rose.
And the Baron's daughter,
So fair that night,
Than the pure White Rose,
Was far more white.
For in secret her wounded lover lay
A Red Rose hurt in the last affray.
And o'er the door where he lay so low
Hung a fresh-gathered sprig of mistletoe.
Sing ho! sing hey! &c.

III.

'Twas Christmas Eve,—and a White Rose Knight,
Whose eyes beamed wild with a fiendish light,
The damsel track'd—
And his arm he threw
Around her waist,
"I will take my due,
For Cupid's mistletoe hangs above."
He cried:—but a blow from a mailed glove
Flouted his ear, and laid him low
'Neath the fresh-gathered sprig of mistletoe.
Sing ho! sing hey! &c.

IV.

The wounded lover has risen in strength:
The White Rose Knight has measured his length
On the floor. She clung
To her lover—they fled
In the night. The Two Roses,
The White and the Red,
And lives were lost, hearts broke with tears,
And never at Oldstone these many years
On Christmas Eve do they ever show
A fresh-gathered sprig of mistletoe.
Sing ho! sing hey! &c.

"They were idiots to fight," said the Squire.

"I quite agree with you," said his wife.

"I suppose," observed Sir Marmaduke to the first speaker, "that had you been the Baron you would have ordered the two young men to shake hands—have stopped all quarrelling for that night at least.

"Of course, my dear," exclaimed my Lady. "I detest politics in families. And the White and Red Roses were political parties."

The Squire was not so certain about this; but if he had been the Baron, his opinion was that the best thing would have been to have summoned the chaplain, given away his daughter, made the Red Rose into a White one, and then all would have lived happily ever after.

A dance! A dance!

It was getting late; at least, so said the Grandfather's clock.

There was no "sitting out" in those days except when you were honestly tired.

The clock's old hands—cunning "old hands" both of them—stole on noiselessly upon all, except the few who might be listening for the regular mechanical beat, as it ticked off the seconds and approached nearer and nearer to the end of Christmas Eve, and the beginning of Christmas Day. The old people might have been listening, and have heard the sound of the clock above that of the music, and above the hum of the dancers. But for all that, they talked on and on, of the years that were past, of former meetings like the present, of those who had passed away, and whose places in their old haunts and their kindly memories could never again be filled.

It was the quadrille, and *le Cavalier seul* had to perform.

The Cavalier Seul was Mr. Tull.

Suddenly, in the very middle of his advance, he dashed forward, with a low exclamation that startled everyone out of their propriety, and made for the clock.

A scream—a woman's scream—a blow—a fall.

* * * * *

That unhappy Dick!

That confounded mistletoe!

He had been watching Constance, who had been charged with the duty of superintending the arrangement of the trays and glasses for the midnight wassail-bowl, in which the Health of Old Father Christmas was to be celebrated.

On her return, he had waylaid her under the mistletoe. Ned had seen his arm passing round her waist, and that was enough, and too much, *for him*.

* * * * *

In a second the whole room was in an uproar.

The clock hands pointed warningly—five minutes to midnight. Old Father Christmas within five paces of the room.

Outrage, abuse, violence—a challenge!

All in two minutes, and Old Father Christmas within three paces of the door.

Rage, sorrow, and tears. Expostulation, explanation, accusation, and Old Father Christmas within one minute of the door!

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

[SEE "THE STORY OF A PRETTY FACE."]

"Stop, all of you!" cries Sir Marmaduke, imperatively, as he stands clasping his old wife round the waist, and holding one hand aloft, as if commanding their silence.

The solemn hour of midnight chimed forth.

Then, from without, in sweet harmony arose the old familiar carol, of which the sweet burden is—

Peace on earth! To men goodwill!
Peace on earth!
To men goodwill!

What need to recount how this night ended or the next day began?

What need to say that the Honourable Dick got a lesson, and that Amelia read it to him? That Master Edward and Miss Constance found such support in Sir Marmaduke and my Lady that any opposition was withdrawn on the spot, and all ended happily?

LITTLE MISS CONSTANCE OF 1881.

OUR COLOURED PICTURE.

"MY NEW BONNET."

(*From the Painting by Mrs. Seymour Lucas.*)

A dear, sweet darling is our Josie;
With large brown eyes of tender light,
Cheeks often dimpling, plump and rosy,
Lips claiming kisses as of right;

Her auburn hair in rich abundance——
But why her various charms unfold
In halting verse of mere redundance,
When you her very self behold?

Not a mere fleeting evanescence,
A something like, yet quite ideal,
But our own darling's actual presence,
Herself, by genius' power made real;

This is our dear child's head, and on it
Is placed, as 'twas last Christmas tide,
By her aunt Loo the very bonnet,
Which Josie showed with conscious pride.

The Artist at this moment surely,
Unknown to us, popped in her head,
Sketched Josie as she stalked demurely,
And "Look at my new bonnet!" said.

But though her form and every feature
The painter's skill has limned aright,
She could not paint our darling creature
As living in our daily sight.

Who could depict each fluctuation
Of her ten thousand witching ways;
Her piquant powers of imitation,
Her pets, her motherly displays?

'Tis only parents these are knowing;
And none but they can really tell—
They whose own hearts with love are glowing—
Why 'tis we love our child so well.

JOHN LATEY.

A Fashionable Young Lady accidentally dropped one of her false eyebrows in her opera-box, and greatly frightened her beau, who, on seeing it, thought it was his moustache.

When does a man bury that which is as dear to him as his life?—When he buries his head in his pillow.

What is the best name for a public-house?—Sea-kale!

THE FATAL SNEEZE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

I am passionately fond of plum-pudding!

When I say plum-pudding, I mean plum-pudding. Lots of people who call a spade a spade call that which is decidedly not plum-pudding by the name honoured of all Englishmen as the national sweet, or pastry, or *entremet*, or whatever its proper designation is upon the menu.

Entremet! No. Never shall even wild horses drag from me that foreign kickshaw title for the plum-pudding of old England. Some people go in for the Roast Beef of Old England, and swear by it. They will tell you that the Englishman owes his place among the races of the world to his habit of eating roast beef from his childhood upwards. I don't believe it. I maintain that England's greatness is based firmly and solidly upon plum-pudding. No race not intended to survive as the fittest, would ever have gone on eating plum-pudding for generations as the English have.

Frenchmen or Germans would have died of dyspepsia. I have nearly died of dyspepsia several times, and it has generally been after plum-pudding and on Christmas Day. That is the only day I eat it. Perhaps, all things considered, it is just as well. I said a little way above that everybody doesn't know what plum-pudding is. There are misguided individuals who make their pudding a day or two before Christmas, and fancy that is the real article. Mine is always kept a whole year. I have my plum-pudding made exactly 365 days before I want to eat it; and for luck I always go down into the kitchen and have just one stir.

There are a good many stirs in my kitchen. There was a stir the other day when the kitchen-boiler burst, and blew the cook and the cat up, and frightened us all out of our seven senses. Having been blown up once, we couldn't blow the cook up again; but I often think that kitchen-boilers and cooks have altered the English character. Our forefathers didn't have kitchen boilers, and they lived much longer and were more contented. The fair chatelaine of the dear dead-and-gone days of knights and drawbridges and chivalry might have had her troubles, but she never dreamed of a kitchen boiler, and her cook was never troublesome. At least, one never reads of a dame of the Middle Ages having hysterics because the cook had taken her by the shoulders and put her out of the kitchen. There is no case on record, and I have spent three days at the British Museum in order to make sure—of a cook in the Middle Ages drinking the brandy intended for the sauce, putting on her bonnet, and giving notice that she was going to leave there and then at two o'clock on a Christmas Day, with company coming at six, and the turkey not so much as put to the fire. I've heard of a case of that sort lately, but never in the Middle Ages.

Yes, they had plum-puddings in the Middle Ages, and mighty big ones too; and they had other famous dishes as well—dishes that we dare not think of now, because we are a degenerate race. Why, the whole College of Physicians would run out and read the Riot Act if English men and women sat down to such a meal as our ancestors attacked gallantly.

But the march of intellect, the spread of effeminacy, the decay of physique, and the general sitting down of the free-born Briton in the lap of luxury have been quite unable to demolish plum-pudding. It stands to-day as proudly, as of yore, the national dish of this great and mighty country—it is the central figure in our rough island story, especially when that story is a Christmas one.

And that, by-the-by, reminds me that this is a Christmas Story, and that, if it is to be told this year, I had better be getting on with it.

My story is about plum-pudding, so that I cannot be said to have wandered from my subject. This is a perfectly true story. If it were not, I would certainly not send it to my good friend, the Editor of the Penny Illustrated, whose regard for strict accuracy is proverbial. It was he who had a most expensive Illustration destroyed, and another one prepared, because a living celebrity, who figured in it, had his hair parted on the left side, whereas the Editor knew that the living celebrity invariably parted his hair on the right side. It is not to such a man that I would offer a story which deviated from fact by a hair's breadth. At any rate, the hair must be on the right side.

It was the evening of Christmas Day, in the year 1876, that, having dined, and, alas! yielded to the temptation, when the plum-pudding came, of repeating the immortal words of Oliver Twist, I retired to my study. Christmas is a genial season, and any well-disposed man who has little nephews and nieces would glory in romping with them after dinner. To carry two heavy boys and a particularly plump little girl round the dining-room on his back, pretending that he was a gee-gee, and crawling on all-fours, while three pairs of remarkably thick little boots prodded him viciously in the ribs to make him go faster, is just the sort of thing which a good-tempered man would glory in doing after his Christmas dinner. Alas! I am not good-tempered; therefore I declined the equine metamorphosis proposed, and retired to my den. I folded my hands across my—well, say chest; and presently I slumbered sweetly.

I have never seen myself slumber, but until I have evidence to the contrary, I shall continue to believe that sweetly is the correct description.

How long I slept I do not know; but presently I was aroused by a gentle tapping close to my ear.

I started, rubbed my eyes, and looked round the room.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The noise came from the wall. Some one in the next house was tapping the wall. But why? People don't hang pictures or put in ventilators on Christmas night!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

I listened. I have heard people tap at the wall many times, and never thought anything about it; but on this occasion the noise attracted me—fascinated me—that is the word.

Why was somebody tapping at the wall in the next house on Christmas night? I placed my ear to the wall and listened. Then I heard a grating sound. It was quite close. There couldn't be more than a brick between my ear and the instrument that was making the noise.

What impelled me to do it I can't think, but I put my lips quite close to the wall, and was about to whisper, "What is it?" when I drew back suddenly.

As my lips approached the wall paper it yielded! The brick on the other side had been loosened, and was being drawn in.

Instinctively I looked at my watch. It was past midnight. My family had retired for the night. They had evidently come into the study, seen me fast asleep, and left me.

For a minute I wondered what I should do. I began to feel a little nervous. Should I run up stairs and get someone to come and watch the dénoûment with me, or should I see it out alone. I would see it out alone!

I turned the gas up full, and, seizing the poker, waited. I had an idea that it might be a burglar; but I had never heard of a burglar pulling out the bricks on Christmas night to get into a house, because he must have got into the next house first, to do it, and that was rather a roundabout way.

Presently the paper shook violently, and I heard a fall of plaster on the other side. The noise continued, now growing louder and louder, and then I could hear that the last brick was being drawn out. The paper cracked and tore. I stooped down to see if there was a hole I could peep through, and, as I did so, a long lean arm, bare to the elbow, came gliding slowly through the aperture.

The poker fell from my hand. A cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I tried to speak, but my voice failed me.

Slowly, that long, lean, bare arm came farther and farther into my room. The hand opened and felt about as if in search of something.

Nerved with a sudden bravery, I leant forward and seized it. It closed spasmodically upon my wrist—held me with a grip of iron.

"Leave go!" I stammered. "Leave go—who are you?—what do you want?"

A hollow voice—a voice I shall never forget—answered from the other side: "You are the instrument of my vengeance—ask no more."

"But I must ask more," I exclaimed. "This is monstrous! What right have you to make holes in my wall and seize me in this very impertinent manner? Good Heavens! what are you doing?"

This last exclamation was one of horror. The man on the other side was slowly dragging my arm through the aperture.

"Leave go!" I shouted. "Help! help!"

There was a mocking laugh from the other side.

"Shout as much as you like," answered the hollow voice. "Your house is empty. Don't you know that

your family are spending Christmas evening here—they are up stairs, in the drawing-room, now.

Of course they were.

I recollected that we were all going in to a Christmas-tree at Dr. Parker's, our next-door neighbour, in the evening. I had fallen asleep in my library, and forgotten the invitation. There was no one in the house with me; my nephews and nieces had long ago been taken home, sleepy and tired; the servants had gone in to Dr. Parker's, too.

I was alone in the house.

Alone in one house—with my hand and arm in another.

My cries would not be heard in the next house up stairs. The situation was terrible. Here was some lunatic, utterly unknown to me, who had my hand and arm at his mercy, and I could not see who or what he was. I could not even see what he was going to do with my imprisoned limb.

Suddenly a cold shiver ran through my veins.

Dr. Parker, I had heard, had a new assistant—a youth who was mad on the subject of experiments. Good gracious! Perhaps he was going to cut my arm off. The worst of it was I could not see. There might be a sharp saw in the madman's hand at this very moment. Suddenly I felt my hand grasped firmly, and a piece of string wound round the forefinger.

"You are the instrument of my vengeance," exclaimed the hollow voice again, in a tone which plainly showed he was satisfied with his preliminary arrangements.

"Your finger is attached to a string. The slightest muscular action on your part will jerk that string and release the spring of an infernal machine, which will blow this house and every one in it to atoms. I shan't be in it. I'm going out. A merry Christmas to you, and a Happy New Year."

I was drawn so closely to the wall that the side of my face touched it. I could not move my head or look down to see what was being done. I only heard the retreating footsteps of the maniac, and the door close behind him.

There was plenty of room for me to have withdrawn my arm, but how could I do it? The string, firmly attached to my finger would have been drawn too, and the infernal machine would have gone off.

I burst into a cold perspiration as I thought over the situation. I began to tremble, but checked myself instantly. The mere trembling of my fingers might jerk the string.

I held myself rigid. The effort to keep my arm motionless induced a strange tingling in the veins. I was going to have pins and needles. My arm began to feel numb and stiff. I felt that I must move it or die.

But still I bit my lip, and endured the pain.

The lives of an entire household, the lives of my own family, were literally in my hands.

I began to wonder who the maniac could be, and what could have induced him to make me the victim of such a dastardly outrage.

At that moment a pang of horror shot through my heart. I felt the strange tickling sensation that is the herald of an approaching sneeze.

A sneeze would shake my entire body. It always does. It would jerk my arm, and then——It was too terrible. I held my breath. I clenched my teeth. I did all I could to avert that fatal sneeze, but slowly and surely it gained upon me.

I lived a hundred years in ten seconds. The fatal moment approaches. I shut my eyes—I gasped—and then—I SNEEZED!

Atishoo!

I gave a wild start—I leapt in the air—I looked around me. I was in my library-chair. Nothing had been moved. The sneeze had awakened me suddenly. It was about time.

I have never had twice of plum-pudding since Christmas Day, 1876.

Floriline.—For the Teeth and Breath. The best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is delicious to the taste, and harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.—[Advt.]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is perfectly harmless, and very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.—[Advt.]

THE STORY OF A PRETTY FACE.

BY JOHN LATEY, JUN.

Queen Caroline Bonnets in fashion again, eh? Ah! thereby hangs a tale of Christmas in the merry days of George the Fourth—which Mr. Fred Barnard has adorned with accustomed character and humour, but to which the moral has yet to be supplied.

What! A pretty face looks well under any bonnet! I am with you there entirely. You never peep—well "hardly ever" peep, you rogues—beneath the wide brim to gladden your hearts with a momentary glimpse of beauty. I did the same with equal rarity in my salad days, lads.

One face there is that Mr. Barnard's picture brings to my memory with a vividness which you will understand presently. I am carried by it close upon sixty years back to dear old Brighton. In those days we kept up Christmas in the good old style. Those were not skeleton Christmases, but flesh and blood Christmases. Ay, and there was some heart in the particular Christmas I have in my mind, boys.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve in Brighton; and the yule log on jovial Aylmer's hearth burnt all the more brightly in our imaginations from the wintry whiteness of the streets without; and the clusters of tall wax candles against the walls made the holly-berries seem redder than ever I remember them since.

Aylmer was one of those jolly hosts with port-wine visages, twinkling eyes, and muscatel lips, who make you feel at home at once. Mrs. Aylmer was as rosy and comely a matron as you could meet in England. As for Grandame Aylmer, with her nut-brown wig, Ribstone-apple cheeks, and benevolent smile, she was one of those rare old ladies who preserve the freshness of youth undimmed to the last—the delight alike of the young and the middle-aged.

Ruth Aylmer was indescribable. You have beauties portrayed nowadays in every shop window. Take the best features of each, and unite them in fancy in one being, and then you could not realise the dainty loveliness of Ruth. In a word, Ruth was incomparable. I idolised her; dreamt of her blue eyes, arch smile, and winsome ways by night; but, with that diffidence which always appears to increase with the intensity of a passion in the modest (ahem!), when brought face to face with Ruth, I was generally dumb. Of this complaint I was destined to be cured ere that Christmas Eve was over.

Dancing was the general amusement. But I found it very difficult, indeed, to gain Ruth for a partner by reason of the pertinacious court paid her by an elegant dandy, who had crept into high favour at the Pavilion, for no earthly reason that I could learn except the nice conduct of his clouded cane, the elegant manner in which he took snuff, and the finished cut of his clothes. How Mr. Aylmer could have tolerated such an affected beau in his house I couldn't imagine. Yet there he was, carrying all before him—dancing dance after dance with Ruth, whose gaiety made me quite jealous of the fantastic fop—and I fancied Beau Barber was, in short, winning all the honours till, happening to stand up with pretty Mrs. Lockyer in a quadrille, I heard that very sensible lady drop a few criticisms that restored my confidence.

"A good dancer!" Mrs. Lockyer said, answering a leading question of mine with an arch smile at his elaborate posings and minute pirouettes before Ruth. "Yes; he's a good dancing-master. But I fancy Ruth would prefer a *man* for partner!" The simple remark quite gave me the courage of my affections. It was near midnight, and the musicians were tuning up for the last dance. I was fortunate enough to win Ruth's hand for the Sir Roger de Coverley; and, emboldened as I felt, her pretty little hand and inviting waist were pressed, no doubt, with a lover's vigour. There was a tremulous movement in Ruth's fingers that was scarcely a return squeeze, but was yet sufficient encouragement to induce me to snatch a blissful salute (as you lads might call it) under the mistletoe berries in the hall before "A Merry Christmas!" came to be wished to the musical accompaniment of a Christmas peal on the church bells.

* * * * *

But it was not until after the Christmas morning service in the old church that my happiness was crowned by Ruth Aylmer. It may not be romantic to associate the savoury incense of roast goose with love, nor the purple nose of a time-honoured beadle with the torch of Hymen. Yet to this day the scent of that relishable dish and the sight of the most portentous of ecclesiastical dignitaries will recall the memorable Christmas Day of the long-ago to one who in those days wore a David-Copperfield kind of hat and habit, and who had fallen over head and ears in love with bewitching Ruth Aylmer.

I need only add that the Christmas morning greeting—a shake-hands which made one heart tingle with rapture, I can vouch for—was followed by a delightful walk home in the snow, and by Ruth Aylmer's roguish avowal that she had flirted with Beau Barber ("sound asleep in bed still, I'll warrant!" laughingly quoth she), only to provoke me into a declaration; and, for my part, I am bound to confess that, whatever may be the quiet advantages of "popping the question" in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's, or while ascending the Monument, or whatever furtive charm there may be to a business man in coming to the point in a hansom cab, I was quite content with plighting my troth on the way home from church on Christmas morning to your grandame, who is still here, hale and hearty, lads, to help me revive for your enjoyment a merry old Christmas of George the Fourth's time. Only—no crutches and toothpicks, mind!

CHRISTMAS FASHIONS.

"The Ladies" will be well toasted this Christmas, as the *dear* creatures deserve to be. But it may safely be asserted that not one of them considers herself "done to a turn"—however brown she may be toasted — before she has quite satisfied herself she is the pink of fashion. What says *Le Follet*—or is it *Fem Follet?*—on this important point? This supreme Arbitress of Fashion says:—

CHRISTMAS WILL FIND

neither the ateliers of the leading modistes nor the wardrobes of their customers unprepared for its advent and attendant festivities.

A BLACK SATIN COAT,

with square neck and elbow sleeves, the plastron edge of the basques, opening, and sleeves painted with a design of holly and mistletoe berries, has just been completed for a well-known leader of fashion. It is to be worn with a red satin skirt, profusely covered with Spanish lace flounces, some of which are raised by sprays of the plants represented, the toilet being intended for a Christmas dinner dress.

BALL DRESS OF PALE PINK SILK,

satin and brocade. The round skirt is of silk, edged with a narrow fluted flounce of satin, headed by a bouillonné. The front and sides have three rows of lace trimmings, each made in one continuous piece. The upper dress is a Princesse "Mantcau de cour;" the bodice forms a deep point in front, and is echancré on the hips, showing the wide lace flounce forming a drapery. The back is cut in one with the train, which is long and full. This Princesse train and bodice are made of pink brocade; the lower edge of the train is cut in square tabs, the spaces filled with fan plaitings of satin. The lace scarf flounce is draped at the right side, under a very large trail of shaded pink roses, moss rosebuds, and leaves, with flexible stalks. The bodice is low and round on the shoulders; it fastens in front under a coquille of lace, with small rosebuds and leaves peeping from out the folds. The short sleeve is an open epaulette over an inner fall of lace, a moss rose and buds fastened by a diamond fly on the right shoulder.

The enormous sale of Horniman's Pure Tea by some 4000 Agents (Chemists, &c.) at once testifies to the high approval it has realised for its combinedly strong, delicious, and invigorating qualities.—[Advt.]

Beautiful Teeth.—The Hovenden Tooth-Paste, compounded from the most approved dental simples of the Pharmacopœia. Rose flavour. The cheapest, most efficacious, and the most agreeable dentifrice extant. Price 1s., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale of R. Hovenden and Sons, London. Samples post-free 15 penny stamps.—[Advt.]

THE JOLLIEST HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR: CHRISTMAS!

THE JOLLIEST HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR: CHRISTMAS!

Chat of the Gossips.

["*Truth* To Tell."]

The marriage of Prince Leopold will be celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, either during the last ten days of March, or during the first fortnight of May. It is impossible to make any more definite settlement as to time, until the financial question has been settled by Parliament. The arrangements respecting the ceremony will be precisely similar to those at the wedding of the Duke of Connaught.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany will reside permanently at Claremont after their marriage. The Duke's books, pictures, and other "properties" have recently been removed there from Windsor.

With regard to the pecuniary arrangement, it will be proposed, probably on Monday, Feb. 13, to increase the Prince's income by £10,000 a year, and the same jointure will be provided for the Princess as was given to the Duchess of Connaught.

The abolition of the national Punchestown race-meeting for next year is a great blow to all classes in Ireland.

As if the ordinary expenses of a fancy-dress ball were not sufficient, certain ladies now frequently appear at the same fancy ball in two different characters, retiring to change their dress before supper, and reappearing in a different costume.

At a recent festivity of this nature, the Countess of Bective appeared first as Mary Queen of Scots, and later as a shower of gold. I wonder whether these costumes were of "Bradford" make?

Mrs. Cornwallis West, on the same occasion, appeared in two consecutive characters, the Comtesse Panada, from "La Mascotte" and the Princess, in "The Forty Thieves."

The Cotillon is less in favour than it was last year, greatly to the delight of the lovers of true dancing. In its origin, it may have had some claim to be called a dance, but now it has degenerated into a childishly foolish game, and, moreover, a rude one. Flirtation is occasionally furthered by it, but the true coquette finds that openly to favour one gentleman at the expense of half a dozen, as necessitated by the various figures of the Cotillon, is, to say the least of it, injudicious.

Hostesses, too, have found the dance inconveniently costly. The numerous "properties" needed for a two hours' Cotillon add appreciably to the expenses of a ball, already heavy enough, owing to the ostentatious and wholly unnecessary display of flowers now fashionable.

The announcements that have appeared respecting the future of the young Princes are altogether speculative, but I believe it is settled that, after a short term of military education, Prince Albert Victor will pass a year at each of the Universities, and will, besides, spend some time in Germany.

Christmas Sports.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB YEAR.

The London Athletic Club has a good record for the past year. It was summarised by Mr. William Waddell at the Club dinner in St. James's Hall, Dec. 9, when Brother James Waddell was in the chair. The Secretary stated that the club had gained 225 new members during the current year, and among these are many athletes likely to uphold the honour of the club. At the Championship Meeting the L.A.C. did not do so well as usual, only three first places going to the members. A performance at that meeting should be mentioned, however—namely, that Phillips, in running second to Myers in the Quarter of a Mile, was beaten, though doing a second less than previous English amateur records—viz., 49 2-5 sec. Speaking of the performances of Myers, who at Stamford-bridge ran his first two races in England, Mr. Waddell said that the races were not financially successes, but, as showing the prowess of the transatlantic pedestrian, eminently satisfactory. In the "Quarter" he "romped" home in front of the club flyer, W. P. Phillips, beating record by some 3 sec., and in the half-mile cut T. F. Elborough's time by 1½ sec. At the same time, the good form shown by Baker and Holman should not be forgotten. At the Stamford-bridge Ground 31,000 visitors had attended, as compared with 21,000 of 1880, and at the club sports no few than 1100 competitors had started, being an increase of about 40 per cent on the previous year.

The following records had been made on the club ground—viz., G. M. Nehan, 7 miles in 37 min. 38 4-5 sec.; J. M. Cowie, 101 yards in 10 1-5 sec.; L. E. Myers, 440 yards in 49 4-5 sec.; L. E. Myers, 880 yards in 1 min. 56 sec.; W. G. George, 3 miles in 14 min. 42 4-5 sec. The holders of the club challenge cups were:—100 and 440 yards, W. P. Phillips; 880 yards, T. H. Baker; 1 mile, T. K. Holman; 10 miles, J. A. Voelcker; walking 3 and 7 miles, G. P. Beckley. The open championships now in the hands of members were:—The 100 yards, held by W. P. Phillips; ½-mile, by S. H. Baker; 4 miles, by G. M. Nehan; 1 mile, by B. R. Wise; G. Lacy Hillier was champion bicyclist at 1, 5, 20, and 50 miles; C. E. Liles, holder of the Amateur Athetic Club's 50 miles championship; R. Frost-Smith, heavy-weight boxing champion; and E. B. Michel, champion of the light-weights.

"Phil Holiday," the sporting writer of *The Boys' Illustrated News*, contributes to this week's Number an eulogistic notice of the German Gymnasium, which should add many new members to this excellent athletic institution in Stainton-terrace, near King's-cross.

Aquatics will not possess much interest till the diplomatic portions of the Hanlan-Boyd match is over. On the banks of the Thames, the indefatigable Gulston has been seen christening a new boat for Perkins.

Smart walking may be seen every afternoon this month at the Bow Grounds; and at the Lambeth Baths Gymnasium.

Ned Donnelly (Professor of Boxing) gives lessons in "the noble art" daily at Mr. Waite's New Fencing Rooms, 19, Brewer-street, Golden-square, Regent-street, W. The fact of having taught seventeen winners of the Marquis of Queensberry's Cups and one of the Amateur Boxing Championships, testifies to his capability. The Professor is the author of "Self-Defence, or the Art of Boxing."

The University trial eights took place—the Cambridge at Ely, Dec. 6, and the Oxford at Moulsford, Dec. 7, and were won respectively by P. W. Atkin's and C. H. Sharp's crews.

Most of the undergradutes have left Oxford and Cambridge. The river is now almost deserted. The challenge has been sent to Oxford, and practice will commence on the Cam very early in the new year. With regard to stroke, the choice is almost sure to fall on Atkin. Smith is undoubtedly a better man, but he would hardly be able to stand the training. Jones, who rowed bow as a freshman, but since has not occupied a seat in the race, and who has wonderfully improved, would make a good 7. Fellowes should be made to row 6, Fairbairn, Beauchamp, or Green 5, Lambert 4, Gurdon or Moore 3, Atkin 2, and Gridley, Meyrick, or Smith might take the bow. Besides these there will be in residence Hutchinson, and a host of other well-known experts, so, with a good stroke, and an able coach to undertake the charge of the crew throughout the practice, which Hockin has promised to do, the Light Blue prospects look very cheerful.

Throat Affections and Hoarseness.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similiar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John I. Brown and Sons, Boston, U.S. European Depôt removed to 33, Farringdon-road, London. [Advt.]

THE TERRIBLE FIRE AT A VIENNA THEATRE. LOSS OF 700 LIVES.

A terrible calamity occurred on Thursday se'nnight at Vienna at the Ring Theatre, where Mademoiselle Bernhardt gave a series of performances a few weeks ago. About seven o'clock, when the performance of Offenbach's latest opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was about to commence before a crowded audience, a fire suddenly broke out on the stage, caused, according to one account, by an explosion of gas, and to another by the fall of an oil lamp from the upper part of the stage, while a third account says the flames originated in an engine kept below the stage for the purpose of supplying the electric light used in the performance. As soon as the fire was seen a slight explosion of gas took place, and all the lights in the building instantly went out, plunging the audience into total darkness.

THE SCENE

that followed is thus described by the correspondent of the *Standard*:—

At this moment, there were about two hundred people on the stage and in the adjoining dressing-rooms, including, besides the workmen, the professional singers, and numerous ballets girls, who were engaged in dressing, in preparation for the performance. They had mostly only half-finished their toilettes, and on the extinction of the lights everyone rushed to the stage door. As there was only one entrance to the stage, there was a fatal crush in which many of the half-dressed girls fell and were trampled upon. Most of them, however, reached the street without serious injury.

In the auditorium the pit was already half full. The boxes were still unoccupied, but the galleries were completely thronged. From a gentleman who was in the pit I learn that when the gas went out the audience had no suspicion that anything serious was going to happen. But in a minute or two the flames burst through the curtain, and fearful shrieks at once filled the house. Everyone rushed for the passages and doors, and many were tempted to leap from the windows.

For ten long minutes there was no help from outside. In the rush to the doors scores of persons were thrown down and trampled to death. Though in the interior of the theatre the flames were spreading rapidly, there was not a ray of light in the passages along which the occupants of the galleries had to pass, and the panic-stricken crowd could not find the way out, but crushed and trampled one another to death in total darkness.

When at length the "Türner" Brigade arrived with torches and life-saving apparatus, ladders, cloths, and ropes, about fifty persons, one after the other, jumped from the first-floor windows. They were all caught, and escaped without serious injury. After that, all was silent inside the theatre, except the roaring of the flames that were now rapidly spreading over the entire building.

The chief cause of the catastrophe was that in the confusion

THE IRON PARTITION

separating the stage from the body of the theatre was not let down, and the fire consequently was not confined, as it might have been, to the stage:—

The scene was most heartrending, and passes all description. Thousands of people assembled in the wide Ring Strasse, and the neighbouring streets could hear the cries of agony and despair from the unfortunate people at the windows of the theatre praying to be saved. The rapidity with which the flames spread prevented the people from taking advantage of the ordinary means of exit. Only a small proportion of the audience were saved by risking a leap from the windows, three stories high, into the cloths extended to receive them. From an examination it has been found that in nearly all cases the deaths were caused by suffocation.

THE RING THEATRE,

the scene of the disaster, is a comparatively new building, having only been opened about seven years. It was an exceedingly handsome structure, quite in keeping with the splendid edifices which have risen up within the past few years upon the broad belt of ground formerly occupied by the walls of the old city. The Ring, or circular boulevard, in which the theatre is situated, is a broad thoroughfare, planted with trees and lined on either side by palaces and public and private buildings of imposing architecture.

Up to two o'clock in the morning upwards of 150 charred bodies were conveyed to the hospital, and many more left buried under the débris. The total loss of life is estimated at between 600 and 700.

Money!—Claimants Wanted!—All persons named Addington, Barrow, Bray, Bristow, Carter, Currie, Cox, Cooper, Darby, Dove, Dixon, Dillon, Douglas, Durrant, Dunn, or Elliott, should send stamped addressed envelope to Henry Glynn, 1, Highbury-terrace, Cotham, Bristol.

Valuable Discovery for the Hair.—If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting its growth on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.—[Advt.]

Kentish Cherries.—Kent, called the Garden of England, is noted for its Cherries; and of all kinds the Morella stands pre-eminent for richness and delicacy of flavour. From this kind is produced Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, the most delicious and wholesome of all Liqueurs. It may be used in place of wine, is a fine tonic, and nice with hot or cold water. Inquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distiller, Maidstone.—[Advt.]

Koptica.—This newly discovered Persian Herbal Extract, (never fails to give relief) permanently cures neuralgia rheumatism, rheumatic gout, lumbago, sciatica, and all pains in the limbs. Warranted free from every injurious property. All chemists supplied with copies of authenticated testimonials, or will obtain them if asked for. "Koptica," is different to all other medicines of chemists. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.—[Advt.]

J. THEOBALD and COMPANY'S SPECIAL WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE want of a thorough good Magic Lantern, with first-class Slides (not dabbs), suitable for Presents has long been felt, and we believe that we have adequately met the demand by our sets of

BIJOU LANTERNS and SLIDES.

These we offer at this special season at a remarkably low price, relying on an enormous sale to repay us.

Every article throughout is of the very best make and finish.

No. 1 Set comprises Best English Magic Lantern, brass front slide holder, rackwork, lamp, and silvered reflector, set of 6 Bijou slides, 36 comic figures, 1 moving head table, 2 comic moving slides, 1 moving lever slide, 2 slides for Chinese fireworks, and 2 moving panoramic slides. Price, all complete, 10s. 6d. Shows a 3-ft. picture on the screen.

No. 2 contains a similar assortment of slides to the above, only in a larger size and with a No. 2 Magic Lantern. Price, complete, 14s. 6d. Shows a 4-ft. picture on the screen.

No. 3.—Largest size made in the Bijou Sets. Very suitable for a Special Present. Price 21s. Shows a 5-ft. picture on the screen.

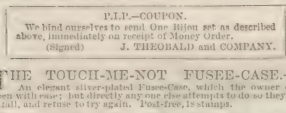
All orders must be accompanied by Coupon, and sent within twenty-one days, except from abroad.

P.I.P.—COUPON.
We hand ourselves to send One Bijou set as described above, immediately on receipt of Money Order.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD and COMPANY.

THE TOUCH-ME-NOT FUSEE-CASE.—An elegant silver-plated Fusee-Case, which the owner can open with ease; but directly anyone else attempts to do so they let it fall, and refuse to try again. Post-free, 18 stamps.

CLOCKWORK TRAIN.—A strong mechanical Train, comprising engine, tender, and carriage. Post-free, 3s. 9d.; larger size, 4s. 10d.

CLOCKWORK SHEEP.—Real Skin. Post-free, 38 stamps. Goat, Cow, Horse, Lion, Tiger, Donkey, all skin. Post-free, 38. 6d.



THE WIZARD'S CABINET of MAGIC contains Ten capital Conjuring Tricks—Burning Box, Fiery Handkerchief, Magic Coin Pedestal, Fairy Ring, &c. Post-free, 30 stamps. Larger Tricks, 2s. 10d. and 5s. 4d. Professional Cabinet of Tricks, suitable for evening parties, 10s. 6d. and 21s.

THE MAGIC CLOCKWORK MOUSE.—Runs about a room or table in most lifelike manner. Post-free, 14 stamps. Rats, double size, 2s.

THE CLOCKWORK DUCK, when wound up, runs all about the room. Post-free, 14 stamps; large size, 20 stamps. Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Lions, Tigers, Stags, Horses, Goats, Sheep, Rabbits, 18 stamps each, free.

THE MECHANICAL FROG. Lifesize. When wound up, hops about the table, to the horror of all. Post-free, 8 stamps.

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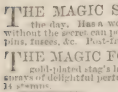

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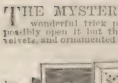
THE MYSTERIOUS PUZZLE PURSE. A wonderful trick purse; will contain money. No one can possibly open it but the owner. Beautifully made in coloured velvets, and ornamented with gold cord. Post-free, 14 stamps.



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CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Best quality only. In superior 4d. cards, post-free, 13 stamps; 1s. 1½d. cards, 18 stamps; 10½d. cards, post-free, 2s. Over half a million in stock.

THE MODEL STEAM-ENGINE, works by steam for one hour, strong metal boiler, brass fly-wheel, indicator, tripod stand, steam-pipe, and lamp, complete. Post-free, 14 stamps. Larger sizes, with oscillating cylinder and safety valve, 3s. 4d. and 4s. 4d.

CLOCKWORK TOYS and MODELS.—The Largest Assortment in the World. Clockwork Mouse, Lion, Tiger, Sheep, Horse, Goat, Squirrel, Dog, Duck, or Doll, post-free, 14 stamps each. Carriage, Large Duck, Rat, Donkey, Sheep, Partridge, 18. 8d. each. Engine and Tender, Monkey, and Jockey, 2s. 4d. each. Larger Engine and Tender, Tricycle, Omnibus, or Hansom, 2s. 9d. Train, Water Cart, Open Cart, 3s. 4d.; larger Trains, 4s. 4d., 5s. 6d., up to £3. Jumping Cats, Dogs, Goats, and Rabbits, 8s. 6d. Pigs, Tortoise, Crocodiles, Turtles, Lobsters, 4s. 6d. each. Growling and Performing Bears, 21s., 31s., and 35s. Talking and Walking Sheep, Goats, Cows, Lions, and every description of animals and models. Hundreds of varieties. Special attractions for shop Windows. Peter, &c.

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GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND NEW-YEAR GIFT.

READ THIS IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Grand "Champion" Melodeon, with our latest Improvements, has now 4 Draw Stops instead of 3, as before. It has also now 3 Sets of Tread Reeds instead of 2 Sets, as before, making it the most powerful, yet without sweetest toned Melodeon extant.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE MAKES CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES.

A MOST SUITABLE PRESENT IS ONE OF

CAMPBELL'S GRAND PRESENTATION MELODEONS,

"THE CHAMPION."

This first-class Instrument has four Action Stops and two rows of Extended Silver Trumpets, also two fine Silver-Toned Bells, and Double-Leather Bellows, strongly clasped at the corners. The case also nicely Ebonised and tastefully Ornamented throughout.

ACTING DRAW-STOPS AS FOLLOWS:—

When the 4 Stops are close the Melodeon does not sound, but when No. 1 Stop (next Trumpets) is drawn out it will then sound Organ Tone; when No. 2 Stops is drawn out it will sound a beautiful Celestial Tone; and when No. 3 Stops is drawn out it will sound a fine Tricbord sound, very effective; and when No. 4 Stop is drawn out with the other 3 Stops, a charming Italian Tremolo Tone will be produced. The following varied effects can be produced by a conjunction of the 4 Stops as follows:—No. 1 and 2 Stops, Celestial Tone; No. 1 and 3 Stops produce a most effective and fine Tricbord Sound. No. 2 and 3 Stops, a powerful Organ Tone. No. 1, 2, and 3 combined, a very powerful and rich combination of sounds. No. 1, 2, 3, and 4 combined, a most enchanting sound; only to be got in an American Organ worth £20. The No. 4 Stop, Italian Tremolo, can also be used in conjunction with either of the other 3 Stops separately. The No. 4 Stop, Italian Tremolo, must be pulled out a little further than the other 3 Stops, or it will not act.

Since we brought out this fine-toned Instrument, about six months ago, we have had a rapidly increasing demand for it; and in every case it has given the utmost satisfaction. Upwards of 30,000 testimonials.

The holders of the undermoted Coupon are entitled to receive this Instrument at half our usual price—namely, 28s., with Coupon; and, to prevent any damage in transit, we will pack it carefully in a wooden box on receipt of Post-Office Order for 25s. to any address.

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PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
PRESENTATION MELODEON COUPON.
"THE CHAMPION."
28s. MESSRS. CAMPBELL and CO., 28s.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS,
103, TRONGATE, GLASGOW,
Hereby bind themselves to redeem this Coupon on receipt of Post-Office Order for the sum of 28s., payable to Mr. John Campbell, Glasgow, and will send to any address in Great Britain or Ireland, One Combination Organ and Celestial Tone Melodeon, as advertised in the "Penny Illustrated Paper," December, 1881. This Coupon is not available after April 30, 1882.

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to be followed by those who intend to avail themselves of this rare opportunity of acquiring a first-class Musical Instrument at a merely nominal price—viz., cut out the Coupon and send it, with Post-Office Order for the sum of 25s., payable to Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, Glasgow, with the Sender's name and address in full, on receipt of which a "Melodeon" will be sent to any address in Great Britain or Ireland at once.

Without Coupon, 55s.

NO DECEPTION HERE.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Editor of the London "Weekly Times" says:—

"The Melodeon.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of tone—there is no instrument with which it can be compared. We are, therefore not surprised to learn that Messrs. Campbell and Co., of 103, Trongate, Glasgow, who first introduced this instrument, have had an enormous sale, and continue to find all their resources taxed to supply the demand made upon them. This is the reward of honestly fulfilling the descriptions advertised of their beautiful instrument. No lover of real music could find fault with the Melodeon."

The "Christian Age," writes:—"Amid presumptuous advertisements of music, so-called, which often prove worthless on purchase, it is only due to Campbell and Co., of Glasgow, to say that their advertisements are as trustworthy as their goods are genuine. In addition to the handsome character of their manufacture, their music is of a pleasing tone, absolutely easy of acquirement to play—in fact, none easier, and their Melodeons cannot fail to gratify the buyer, whether old or young. "Honourable mention," too, may be made of the prices that their goods are worth the money."

"Chief Constable's Office, Oxford, Aug. 31, 1881.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have received the 'Champion' Melodeon quite safe, and, judging from its appearance and tone, I consider it equal in every respect to the advertisement.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., W. LEECH."

"Walsall-road, King's Hill, Wednesbury, Sept. 28, 1881.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co.

"Gentlemen,—The 'Champion' Melodeon arrived safe to hand yesterday. It gives every satisfaction, and exceeds my most sanguine expectations. It cannot be too highly recommended.—Yours, respectfully, WILLIAM LEDGROVE."

"Barnham Broom, near Wymondham, Norfolk, Nov. 1, 1881.

"Dear Sir,—Excuse me not writing before. I received the Champion Melodeon quite safe, and find it to be the first-class Instrument as described by you. It is worthy of the highest praise for sweetness of tone and strong workmanship. Please send me one of your books.—The Melodist, as stated on the list, for twenty stamps.—Yours truly, JOHN ARMITRONG."

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"Gentlemen,—I beg respectfully to acknowledge the receipt of the "Champion" Melodeon last night, all right, and am perfectly satisfied, and more than satisfied, for I consider it a marvel of cheapness, considering its make and workmanship. We had one of your Melodeons twenty-years ago, and was so well satisfied with it that I was induced to send for one of your larger size. Wishing you success, every success according to merit, I remain, yours most respectfully,

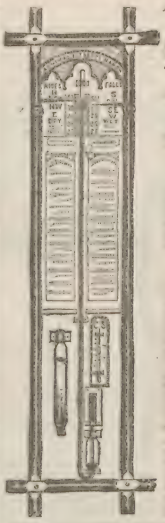
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. JNO. EDWARD INGLE."

N.B.—As the demand for this Instrument is expected to be very great, the early receipt of Coupon will prevent disappointment in delivery, as the Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive. No Melodeon will be sent in any case without this Coupon, unless our full retail price is sent—namely, 55s. All letters to be addressed to Messrs. Campbell and Co., Musical Instrument Makers, 103, Trongate, Glasgow.

Just out, our new Book for our 10-Keyed Melodeon, with a large selection of sacred and secular songs, with words, including Moody and Sankey's most popular Hymns, numbered and figured throughout. Price, per post, 18. 1d. Also, No. 2 Book of Sacred Songs, Hymns, and Solos, price, per post, 1s. 2d. Just out, No. 4 Book, "Gems of Song," per post, 1s. 2d. No. 5 Book, Dances and Songs, per post, 1s. 2d.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

A SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER, WITH ALL BAROMETERS ORDERED BEFORE DEC. 30.



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Size, 3 ft. 6 in. long, by 7 in. wide. Guaranteed equal to those sold regularly at £5 5s.

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"Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Barometer. I think it is very cheap at the price. I have compared it with Barometers supplied to H.M. Service, and find it is quite correct.—Your obedient servant,

"Lieut. the Hon. FOLEY C.P. VERRERS, R.N."

The Patent having now expired, arrangements have been made to produce these wonderful Barometers at a price never dreamed of by the inventor. It is a well-known fact that Admiral Fitzroy's celebrated Barometers are usually sold at prices ranging from £5 5s. to £21. These really beautiful Instruments are fitted in a nail-bed American nickel case, containing two bevelled-head hour-glasses and full directions for Use, together with Admiral Fitzroy's Special Remarks on the Atmosphere and the Use of the Barometer.

In addition to the BAROMETER, there are given A FAHRENHEIT THERMOMETER and a specially prepared STORM GLASS, together with DIAGRAM of the ATMOSPHERE, all fitted in an elegantly made Case, forming a distinguished ornament for any home.

Cheques or P.O. Orders may be post-dated ten days, and money will be returned if Goods are not approved.

P.I.P. SPECIAL COUPON. 17.12.81.
Entitles the holder to one SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER, free, on ordering Barometer before Dec. 31, 1881.
THOS. SMITH.

All Orders must be made payable to T. SMITH, 15, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C., where specimen Barometer may be seen.

P.O.O. payable at Ludgate-circus. Cheques crossed City Bank.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN DOWN QUILTS.

CARRIAGE-PAID TO ANY ADDRESS.

MESSRS. NEWHAM and CO. beg to offer the remainder of their current winter's stock of Down Quilts at prices never before offered to the public. These Down Quilts are made in two qualities; one in washable chintz, with bright scarlet ground, woven in various designs and colours. A choice bed-room decoration.

Reduced Price, 9d. per square foot.

Also in closely-woven new sateen, in beautiful and variegated patterns, designed for the present season. Each quilt is reversible, and can be used on either side. These goods have a brightness almost equal to satin.

Reduced Price, 10½d. per square foot.

The following sizes in chintz and sateen are now in stock, and will be sent off immediately on receipt of order.

CHINTZ.—Price 9d. per square foot.

No. Inches.							£ s. d.
1.—36 by 36 = 13½ feet	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 10 2
2.—40 by 48 = 20 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 15 0
3.—40 by 54 = 22½ do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 16 11
4.—72 by 48 = 24 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 18 0
5.—36 by 54 = 24 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 18 0
6.—40 by 60 = 25 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	0 18 9
7.—72 by 54 = 27 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	1 0 3
8.—40 by 60 = 27½ do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	1 0 8
9.—72 by 60 = 30 do.	..	..	..	..	..	..	1 2 6

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Please mention this Paper.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

In the annexed cuts we present a picture of the "Ups and Downs of Life." The first represents a man in full possession of health, with all its enjoyments, his little ones playing about him. His is a happy home. This, the greatest blessing vouchsafed to mankind, is made the more apparent when we view the other and darker side of the picture. In the next the same gentleman presents a changed aspect; he has not that cheerful countenance, he has lost his appetite, he has a disagreeable taste, especially in the morning, also a headache and dull feeling; and when he rises suddenly from a lying or sitting posture he becomes dizzy, feels stupid and disinclined to attend to business, has frequent sick headaches, his bowels are costive, and seldom are regular unless he takes some kind of physic. The stomach and liver have become a little deranged, and his blood has become thick and fails to circulate with freedom. He has what is called Dyspepsia or Indigestion; but all the disagreeable feelings would have been avoided had he taken at the outset a timely remedy which would have regulated his bowels, stopped his sick headache, made his blood circulate, giving him an appetite.

Time passed on, and our friend neglected his disease; and we find him in a little while as represented in the next picture. Here we behold what is called a "Confirmed Dyspeptic." He has little or no appetite, and what food he does eat distresses him—feels like a load in his stomach; causes him to be distressed for breath at times; sometimes he vomits what he eats in a sour, fermented condition; he belches quantities of wind from the stomach after eating, which is the gas arising from the undigested food; a little while after eating he feels a faint, "all-gone" sensation at the stomach. Eating or drinking will not allay this but for a little while. He has become nervous and low-spirited, cross and peevish; he frets at his wife and children, pushing them away when the little ones fondle about him, as seen in the cut. He commences to lose flesh, and is becoming quite feeble. His physicians have given him mercurial pills and various kinds of tonics; but instead of getting better he continues to fail; and then he resorts to all kinds of medicines that promise relief; but they do not seem to reach his case. His blood has now become very foul and impure, the liver sluggish and inactive, the stomach irritable and sensitive, wholly unfit for performing the offices of digestion. Could we have persuaded this poor man to have taken a couple of bottles of Seigel's Curative Syrup, he would have escaped these awful terrors. The disease now has full sway, and he continues to suffer, and in the course of time we find him as represented in the next figure, greatly emaciated, scarcely able to walk; he stoops to give a little ease to the tender stomach, which has now become sore and sensitive to the touch, as represented in the cut. He has pains in the right shoulder and left side; sometimes in the right; his back has become weak and painful at times; his nights are often passed in wakefulness; he totters about his grounds with the aid of a stick; he has a constant desire to clear his throat; his head appears to be stopped up, and he is told that he has a COLD; his skin has become of a dirty brownish colour, countenance sallow, eyes sunken, tinged with yellow. Food does not seem to have a natural taste. He has taken a journey to the home of his boyhood, thinking perhaps he could get some of the cold spring water that used to taste so good; but it is his system that has changed, and the water, although the same, does not afford him refreshment; his hands and feet become cold and clammy; a sort of sticky feeling pervades nearly the whole body. Passers-by notice the great change, and shake their heads and sigh, saying to themselves, "That man's days are nearly numbered."

His physicians can do nothing for him; he continues to fail, and we soon find him unable to leave his house, and seldom his bed, as represented in the picture. He is reduced to a mere skeleton, and continues to waste every day. Now he has a severe cough, attended with profuse expectoration. His sleep at night is attended with debilitating perspiration, which is fast reducing him. His liver and kidneys are almost wholly without action, and nature is throwing off the impurities through the skin and lungs, so that the odour of his room has become offensive. The poisonous blood has caused the hair to decay, and he has become nearly bald. He has given up all hope of recovery, and made up his mind to await patiently the arrival of the angel of death. He has told his poor wife how to manage his little property, and what disposition to make with their children. The friends and neighbours bring in the daily papers to amuse him, and some the illustrated magazines. Perhaps some one directs his attention to the "*Ups and Downs of Life.*" If so, he would hear the soft whisper, "Cheer up, good man, don't be cast down, for somehow there is hope in your case. Cling fast to what life is left, and resolve that you will live to comfort your dear wife and guide your little children through all the dark and narrow paths in which they may be called to tread. 'Seigel's Curative Syrup' is made for just such cases as yours. It is extracted from the choicest plants and roots that nature's garden affords. God, in his infinite wisdom, has made a plant to cure every disease that flesh is heir to. Let us prevail upon you to take this extract of roots, for we really think they will do you good. They will cause the liver to secrete healthy bile and the skin to become soft and white—they will stop the night sweats, and in time the cough and expectoration will cease. The blood will become pure and circulate with freedom through your veins, giving a healthy glow to the whole system. Your food will then begin to give you strength, for it will be digested so as to afford nourishment to the debilitated body. Then flesh will begin to grow upon those feeble limbs, and strength will return. Sleep will be quiet and refreshing, and, as a natural consequence, your spirits will revive."

Perhaps he will say that he has tried all kinds of medicines, and that he has lost all faith in them.

We should reply, "Seigel's Curative Syrup is not a 'cure-all' so called. It is made especially to cure Dyspepsia or Indigestion—all your troubles proceed from this one disease, and, when this malady is removed, all the other distressing complications will vanish like chaff before the wind. The impure blood that pervades your whole system, and which has poisoned every important part of your body, as well as your mind, has been caused by this one disease called dyspepsia. When that disease is removed all the other accompanying symptoms—called by various names—will have ceased to exist, because the foundation-stone has been removed. Our friend listens to our voice and is persuaded to take the remedy. He commences with very small doses, taking fifteen drops instantly after eating his spare meals, and has his skin bathed every day with water made soft with a little soda. . . Mark the change! He begins to mend. He stops the belching of wind, night sweats diminish, appetite improves, countenance brightens, strength gradually returns, and in a very few weeks we find him riding out with a kind neighbour, as shown in the cut.

The fresh morning air seems to brace him as he views once more the beauties of nature. He continues to use the remedy, and watches with joy his returning strength. The ascending path to health is often tedious and discouraging, but the fact that he is constantly and gradually gaining strength inspires him with courage to press on to the goal when he is inclined to become disconsolate and cast down. In a short time we find him walking about his grounds leading his little boy, who appears to know that his father is getting well. The neighbours are pleased and delighted because a good citizen is spared for the welfare of the town.

Our hero still improves. He is giving his family instructions upon the vital interests of life. While enjoying the beauties of nature he never forgets to render thanks to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift for the blessings he has received. . . . This picture that we have drawn is but a representation of many cases that have come under our own observation, and a parallel case can be found in nearly every city, town, and village in the land.

Readers are requested to write to A. J. White, Limited, 21, Farringdon-road, London, who will forward them, free of charge, an Almanack for 1881, giving full particulars of Seigel's Syrup, with numerous testimonials.

Seigel's Curative Syrup can be obtained from Chemists and Medicine Venders throughout the world, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle, or from the Proprietors, at the above address.

DISCHARGED FROM THE INFIRMARY AS INCURABLE.

"Methley, near Leeds, June 10, 1879.

"Dear Sir,—I suffered from bad indigestion and liver complaint for years, during which time I used various remedies, but all to no purpose. I tried all the medical men, and got no relief. I afterwards went to the infirmary, but left as 'incurable.' As a last resource, I was induced to try the 'Curative Syrup,' and, to my great joy, it has almost made a new man of me. I can now do what I had not been able to do for a long time past—viz., I can eat a good dinner without the pain that was formerly so great. I wish to highly recommend the medicine to suffering humanity, as the best and cheapest in the world. I remain, your humble servant,

"WILLIAM HEWETT."

"36, Pitfield-street, Hoxton, London, N.,
Aug. 16, 1881.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me much pleasure to be able to inform you of the continued demand I have for 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,' which is due, certainly not to its pleasant taste or delicate flavour, but to its unparalleled success as a Stomach and Liver Medicine. I have now sold considerably over a thousand bottles, and have had numerous opportunities of seeing its value as a remedial tested, and cannot remember one single instance in which it has failed to afford some amount of relief, whatever the case may have been; and so receiving—as I do—almost daily assurances of its unquestionable curative powers, I shall continue to recommend its use far and near.

"I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"H. W. HORTON.

"To A. J. White, Esq."

"Chelmsford, March 25, 1881."

"To Mr. White.—Mr. G. Brown, of Stock, near Chelmsford, having just recovered from a severe illness, described by himself as low fever, pains in the region of the heart and shortness of breath, so that he was not able to get about, wishes to express his heartfelt thanks for the benefit he has received from Seigel's Curative Syrup, and to state that he never derived so much comfort from any medicine for the last ten years; he is able now to walk about with ease and comfort, and you are at perfect liberty to make use of his name, and the cure Seigel's Syrup has effected upon him.

"Mr. White—Sir,—The foregoing testimonial was given us to-day by Mr. G. Brown, he wished you to know that he had derived great benefit and comfort from Seigel's Syrup, and also wished us to tell you, you could advertise his name and testimonial as you liked. Yours truly,

"SEATON AND METCALFE, Chemists."

A CHRISTMAS DINNER WHERE IT IS NEEDED: IRISH-STEW DINNER TO THE POOR AT LIMEHOUSE.—[See "The Showman," next Page.]

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

I had designed a pleasant little surprise for our Show—a magic Christmas Tree, the stripping of which would have enabled us to bestow one or two of those neat little digs in the ribs on public personages that I know ye are not averse to. This irreclaimable weather of ours, however—well, the long and the short of it is, our variable clime has been too much for Short. The tableau remains unfinished. I know ye'll excuse him for auld lang syne. But, pic ture or no picture, I could not forego the pleasure, my good friends, of wishing every one of ye right cordially "A Merry Christmas, and a Happier, New Year!" Thank Goodness! the moles of cynics have not yet killed the spirit of the season. Christmas lives—aye, Christmas lives heartily still, and his rich, warm, generous blood courses healthily through the veins of "Poor Humanity"—here stimulating the wealthy of England to give a brotherly helping hand to our distressed sisters in Ireland; over there on the wild Atlantic seaboard of the sister isle steeling the muscles of brave Mike O'Shea to deeds of manly heroism to rescue the storm-girt Lighthouse-keepers from the Calf Rock; and at home in many a dingy quarter of town inspiriting true angels of mercy to quit their own cosy hearths to carry comfort and hope to the children of Misery. Aye; the pulse of Christmas beats with all its old zest. Come with me in fancy; and I'll show ye an eye-gladdening scene that'll prove it. It is a little distance—as far as Limehouse. There ye have it—a Christmas Dinner of Irish Stew for the waifs and strays of the East-End. Look at this picture of savoury enjoyment—think of the hungry days these ragged little ones must have experienced to relish this single meal so heartily, and be assured that in the Heart of London here, there are hundreds of poor children in as great need of food every bit. I know every one of ye who has the means will do his or her best to lighten the suffering easily to be found in dismal lanes around ye. Search out deserving cases for yourselves; promptly relieve them; and ye'll do something to help along the good cause of Charity this Christmas.

CODLIN.

One person may dye a coat, or even a moustache, but it always takes two to dialogue.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. George Rignold, who has been distinguishing himself as Frank Darlington, in "Youth," at Drury Lane, has gone to the Princess's to take the place of Mr. Wilson Barrett in "The Lights o' London;" Mr. Barrett's presence being necessary in Leeds, to complete preparations for the pantomime at "The Grand."

Mr. Thomas Thorne has now the sole management of the Vaudeville. Mr. David James having dissolved partnership with his old comrade. Mr. Thorne is doing well with "The Half-Way House."

Miss Nellie Bromley is to be intrusted with a prominent part in Mr. Henry Pettitt's new drama, "Taken from Life," at the Adelphi.

Mr. Arthur Matthison's successful comedy, "A Thread of Silk," is about to start on a year's tour of the provinces, where it will be unwound by the skilful hands of Miss Rose Leclercq.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New Comedy, "Foggerty's Fairy," at the Criterion Theatre, was due on Thursday.

"Mother-in-Law," the farcical comedy written by Mr. G. R. Sims, comes out on the 31st inst., at the Opéra Comique.

"The Black Crook" has proved immensely attractive at the Alhambra.

Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Mrs. Reeves, has left for Blackpool, where he will stay for some time, in order to recruit his health.

The Crystal Palace Pantomime is now in full rehearsal, and promises to be among the most brilliant of the holiday season. The subject is "The Children in the Wood," the book being by Mr. W. R. Osman, who has been author or joint author of many Palace pantomimes. The whole of the scenery, including the gorgeous transformation, is to be contributed by Mr. F. Fenton. The music is by the practical hand of Mr. Oscar B. Field, who, with Mr. Osmaston, is now busy at the production. A long list of skilled pantomimists and well-known actors will participate in the interpretation of the work. Amongst the principals will be Paul Martinetti, Miss Marie Longmore, S. W. D. Gresham, J. Lorenzo, and Aytoun. Mr. Paul Valentine superintends the ballet.

Nelly, the beautiful greyhound that accompanies George Fielding to Australia, every evening, at the Adelphia Theatre, in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," was on Dec 5 presented with a handsomely-mounted collar, in recognition of her two hundredth appearance in that part. The testimonial was subscribed for by members of the Adelphi company, Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Harry Jackson likewise sharing the pleasure of contributing, and the presentation was made by Miss Gerard in the green-room of the theatre. Nelly knows her business thoroughly, and is a general favourite.

Among those Members of the profession in the provinces who sent to Mr. William Holland on the occasion of his benefit at Drury Lane, wishing him success, was Mr. Henry Irving, who forwarded something more substantial than good wishes in the form of a cheque for ten pounds.

Name the works which present to you the greatest number of celebrities.—Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.

"My Friend has a reverence for the truth," said a British Baronet to an American gentleman.—"So I perceive," was the reply, "for he keeps a respectable distance from it."

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TAYLOR BROTHERS'
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KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition 1878; Dublin Exhibition, 1865, the Medal.
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TONGA. See Papers in the
"INVALUABLE" "Lancet" by Drs. Murrell, Ringer, and Lush, and C. Baker, Esq., on March 6 and 20, and May 22, 1880. "Tonga maintains its reputation on the testimonials of Neuralgia."—Lancet, July 23, 1881. It may be taken without the least fear of injury by the most delicate. In Bottles at 4s. 6d. and 11s.
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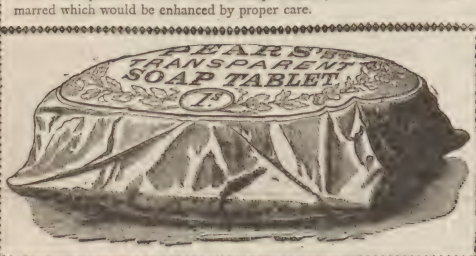

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IT is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (soda) contains no colouring matter, is delightfully perfumed, exceedingly durable, has been in good repute nearly one hundred years, and obtained Prize Medals 1851, 1862, 1867, 1875, 1876, 1878 and 1879.

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Testimonial from Madame Adelina Patti.

"I HAVE found Pears' Soap matchless for "the Hands and Complexion."

Adelina Patti.

FOR THE TOILET AND NURSERY.

PEARS' Transparent SOAP

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(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses). A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

A. & F. PEARS,

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Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.—Saturday, December 17, 1881.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT OF THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

No. 1067. LONDON, DECEMBER 17, 1881. VOL. XLI.

THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CODLIN.

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD STROKE OF BUSINESS.

HA! Ha! The bind's cracked! Here's "A Merry Christmas to us all!"

Saying which, ye may be sure I took the edge off the foaming mug of nut-brown ale before it circled round the snug party seated face to face with the ruddy Ashen Faggot, which brightly burnt and crackled that Christmas Eve in Farmer Goodwin's cosiest nook—a fine old English fireplace. I know of no jollier Christmas custom than that of the Ashen Faggot. What fragrant memories does it not recall to genial Devonshire souls! What recollections of sunny hours, merry jokes, jovial laughter—the spice of life that bids dull care begone!

I am bound to say the Ashen Faggot was new to some of my company. It was new to Signor Smallini and Miss Eva Pettitoe, the tiniest and most beautifully formed dwarfs who had been seen in this country for years; but the novelty didn't keep them, not a drop of it! from taking their full sip of the farmer's October brewing. Now, I warrant, to Polly Smith, the brown-eyed little woman, with her young daughter Minnie nestling by her side—bright, particular stars of many an equestrian arena. It was new, too, to the Fat Lady (as we rather disrespectfully, but only in the way of business, mind ye, dubbed Miss Gertrude Lambert, whom Nature had bountifully endowed, to her profit, with more than Aldermanic proportions). New, likewise, to Goliah Saker, the towering young giant, who, nevertheless, showed as much alacrity as any of us in removing the long clay pipe from his mouth when it came to his turn to take a deep, deep draught of the wholesome liquor.

Yes; we were in the right vein for enjoyment that memorable Christmas Eve. Host and Hostess Goodwin—good old friends of mine—had for auld lang syne hospitably welcomed me and my travelling troupe, and given us one of those savoury suppers which are served to perfection in Devon homesteads, and which we relished with all the more zest by reason of our having ridden a good long journey in a snowstorm, that made our canvas-covered van travel rather slowly.

But, in my professional capacity as Showman, need I say I had a keen eye to combining business with pleasure? When the last bind of the Ashen Faggot had cracked, and a stout yule log had been set burning, Farmer Goodwin, my mate Short, and I left the others to toast themselves—in both senses of the word—on the glowing hearth, and foregathered for a quiet chat round the corner of the old oak table.

"Well, Codlin; and how 's bus'ness been since we met in London? Gude?" asked my old friend in his rich Devonshire tone, his shrewd, good-humoured face twisted into the pleasantest note of interrogation I had seen for many a long day.

"Not very brisk!" ruefully put in Short. "But Codlin's got some fresh idea to bring the money in at the next town, he says. Perhaps, he'll let us into the secret?"

"By all means," said I, leaning forward, and sending forth a few wreaths of smoke while I collected my thoughts. "Ye've just led up to what I wanted. Ye see, the long and the short of it is this"—a wave of the pipe in the direction of the Fat Lady, Goliah, and the dwarfs, getting on famously together with Dame Goodwin—"we have yonder the best Show in the country. Unparalleled in their way, those natural wonders are! But up to now we haven't been able to advertise 'em enough—to bill 'em in the pubs—to post 'em on the walls—to puff 'em in the newspapers enough. What is the consequence? Empty benches instead of crowded houses! And instead of taking round an independent Show—unsurpassed in its way—we're now on the road to join our forces with Partington's Circus Company. But, luckily, my new notion will command big terms from Partington. Half profits—or no bargain."

"Don't you wish you may get it!" interrupted Short—seeking refuge in a fresh foaming mug as I turned on him.

"We're bound to! Hearken, and confess I'm on the right track this time."

A little ripple of giggling here drew our attention to the fireside group; and I tipped Goodwin a significant wink as I nodded in the direction of the Fat Lady, who held aloft a sprig of mistletoe, and stood on tip toe a-trying to bestow a chaste salute on the lips of the sheepish Goliah, who somehow didn't take kindly to this bit of seasonable playfulness on the part of Mistress Gertrude Lambert. She achieved her object, though: what woman doesn't? And the piping laughter of little Smallini and Pettitoe at her success would have done your heart good to hear. It did mine.

"There ye are! 'One touch of nature,' don't ye know!" whispered I to Farmer Goodwin and Short, but dropping at the same time insensibly into the ornate Showman manner. "In the King's Palace, the peasant's cottage, the Showman's caravan, Love levels all! We all know that every lady's a born match-maker. And, with your good wife's assistance, Goodwin, I'll strike while the iron's hot."

Dame Goodwin, blessings on her, entered into my plot with a woman's ready wit. And the Farmer, I twigged, felt pleased at my calling his good lady into our councils, for, in accordance with time-honoured custom, he and I and Short had kept it

up right merrily in London on his annual visit to the Cattle Show—so merrily, indeed, that, probably seeing his dreamy blue eyes looked dreamier than ever on his return to Kittlehampton, his better half had adopted towards him a chuffy, snappy tone which, I fear, is rather in favour with agricultural ladies after the Birmingham and Islington revels are over. Anyhow, Goodwin, I could tell by his sleepy air of calm relief, was glad of this opening to withdraw the mind of his good lady from the Al—I should say, the Agricultural Hall.

"A capital idea, worthy of Barnum, Mr. Codlin!" she said (the Ashen Faggot had mollified her), as she busied herself with a huge bowl of punch. "I warrant yew, this will set their hearts on fire; won't it, Gargo?" Goodwin's kind blue eyes twinkled back an affirmative; and his gudewife continued, "Why, I declare they were cut out for each other—Mr. Goliah and Miss Lambert. But, bless the man, why stop with them? Why not have a double wedding? Why not marry the dwarfs at the same time? We shall have the villagers in presently for their Christmas dance. Let them"—pointing to our quartet—"join in the dance; and they'll soon break the ice of their own accord. See if they don't!"

"What a treasure of a wife ye have, Goodwin!" was my answer; and I was glad to note Short, quick as ever to catch any notion, was already outlining with the end of his pipe an imaginary design for a taking matrimonial poster to draw all Bramington to our Show. "But there's this difficulty in the way with one couple. Goliah was smitten at Southmutton, I may tell ye in confidence, with the pretty barmaid of the Red Lion; and is rather far gone in that direction. It will be smooth sailing enough with the dwarfs the moment I make it plain to their avaricious little understandings that their fortunes will be made by the marriage. And the Fat Lady's nuts on the giant. Goliah is my only difficulty!"

"Pooh! Cupid and Cupidity sail together in these days," was Dame Goodwin's ready answer. "Times have changed since Gargo and yew and I were young. Just give Goliah an inkling of that tidy round sum Miss Lambert has put away for a rainy day; and, like most of the young men nowadays, the giant will see nothing of the disparity in their years—'fair, fat, and fifty' will be as acceptable to this Goliah of twenty as it was to 'the first Gentleman in Europe'—and he'll bite at the golden bait.—But there are the Carollers! And here's the punch, as ready for them as they are for it!"

What a happy knack women have of smoothing away difficulties—that is, when they've the mind to do so, and no Cattle Show rankles in their brains!

While the mingled strains of the plaintive violin and shaky cornet and the voices of the Carollers stole in through the red-curtained windows, diamond-paned as of old, Dame Goodwin ladled out two glasses of ruby, steaming punch in her dapper way, and anticipated my inmost thoughts. Handing me a fragrant tumbler, she gave me a meaning look as she lifted a wineglass herself, and said—

"Now, yew just make yureself useful, and take this to Miss Lambert and Mr. Goliah. I'll look after Miss Eva and Signor Smallini. And Gargo, Mr. Short 'll help you to fill the rest of the glasses."

Could anything have been better? A moment to let the potion work! Then, seizing my opportunity when the tumbler rested in the plump hand of the Fat Lady, purring audibly, as was her wont when particularly pleased, I took the cue from Dame Goodwin, who was plying Signor Smallini, the complacent dwarf, with conjugal counsel, and buttonholed my giant, and led him on one side with an apology to the smiling Miss Lambert—

"Ye'll excuse us for a few seconds, ma'am? Only a little matter of business!"

A bit of dialogue will tell ye how we two diplomatists fared.

Codlin (pressing the giant's arm confidentially, and looking up into his face as persuasively as he could): "Now, we all know ye are a man of the world, Goliah. So I come to the point without beating about the bush. Why don't ye marry the girl, and"——

Goliah (aghast): "What, *me?* Marry Old Maid Lambert! (Laughing derisively) Why, she's sixty, if she's a day—and I'm but twenty-one to-morrow! She's only five foot two; and I'm seven foot two-and-a-half! She weighs thirty stun, if she's an ounce; and I scale under fourteen stun! (Pitching a stave of his favourite song in a whisper) What, marry old Margery! No! NO! NO!"

Dame Goodwin (with a motherly air, to Signor Smallini, two feet three in his boots): "I'm so glad, Signor, to see yew and Miss Eva get on so nicely together. I admire yure taste. Ah! yew naughty man, yew! When is the happy day to be? Yew must ask me to the wedding, mind!"

Signor Smallini (inflating his chest with a dignity that always increases, I observe, in proportion to the diminutiveness of the object): "Madame, you make one grand mistake! You have misjudged de little courtesies vich are natural to my countrymen. If I bestow my affections anyvhere, it vill be not on Miss Eva—whom I respect ver' much, though I find her too forward in public—it vill be, to the contrary, on dat dem fine vidow Smidt over dere! It is of her I dream every night: *she* is something of a voman for a man to marry, ma foi!"

Codlin (who has already gained the signal advantage of persuading the chuckling giant that the Southmutton barmaid of whom he was enamoured is fickle): "But think, my dear friend Goliah, of the splendid advertisement it will be when Mistress Lambert—by Jove! look what a sweet, homely smile Gertrude has! Ah! I'd give something if the dear girl would only glance at me as fondly as she is looking at ye now, ye dog!" (giving him a neat dig in the ribs to emphasise the point).

Goliah: "If the wind's in that direction, why not get spliced to her yourself, guv'nor, eh?"

Codlin: "When her heart's yours! No (with a sigh), it would be a hopeless job to try to cut ye out, Goliah. Besides, don't ye know she's got a snug little fortune of her own put by, quite enough to keep both of ye in comfort for the rest of your lives?"

Goliah (looking down eagerly): "You don't say so! I stand in, then. Gertrude isn't so bad looking, after all!"

"Gargo! The Carollers have finished, and must be perishing with the cold. Just yew be quick, and let them in; and Mr. Codlin and I will open the dance!"

I could see the good woman, bless her! had succeeded as well in her mission as I had in mine. Wasn't the confidential talk now going on between the dwarfs as well as between the bending Goliah and beaming Fat Lady ample token of this?

I have seen many an effective stage effect in the course of my wanderings; but never a prettier sight than the entrance of the village Carollers, headed by the pippin-faced fiddler and the ruddy cornet. For why? Dame Nature was the Stage-Manager. As Farmer George and Short opened the nail-studded door, and gave us a glimpse of the snowy road, and the old pump standing like a white sentinel amid the falling flakes, there trooped in these hardy villagers, a rosy smile on the face of each comely lass as she held the arm of her sturdy swain. Shaking the snow from them as if 't were but feathers, they laughingly crowded round Dame and Farmer Goodwin; and, in Devonshire dialect as thick and rich as Devonshire cream thanked host

and hostess for their cheery welcome, and heartily wished us "A Merry Chrizmaz to ye, gude volkz, al!"

"Now, Jan Hodge, and yew, Maister Vicary, be peart; take another sip of punch—my own brewing; and give us "Sir Roger de Coverley!"

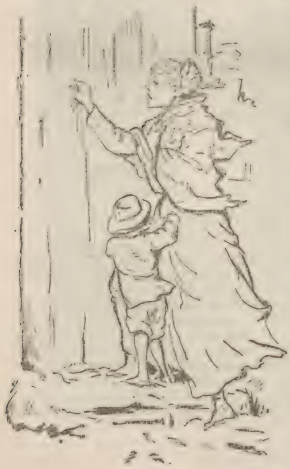
Goodness gracious! How we did caper through that brisk Country Dance! "Rum-ti-tum-ti-tiddlee! Rum-ti-tum-ti-tiddlee! Rum-ti-tum-ti-tiddlee-tum! Rum-ti-tum-ti-tiddlee!" Dame Goodwin hardly gave me time to look round. But, between the hop, skip, and a bow—and the hop, skip and a turn, I did just manage to note the Fat Lady and the Giant were partners and speaking volumes to each other with their eyes; to see that Signor Smallini, so far from being jealous at Short's gallant attentions to Widow Smith, was making pantomimic court to radiant Miss Pettitoe; while Farmer Goodwin, in his good-natured way, was trotting out the youngest member of the flock, little Minnie Smith. Whether it was the inspiriting nature of the simple music, which seemed to make the red-berried holly branches on the walls dance, and the mistletoe bough hanging from the beams alongside the smoked hams quiver with the spirit of the festive season; or whether it was that our plot was ripening so quickly; certain it was I found myself jigging away with the best of them when "Sir Roger" had been going on for a merry quarter of an hour.

But the best of things come to an end; and so at last did this jolliest of Country Dances. Fresh glasses of punch all round! Warmed with the exercise and generous liquor, the dwarfs, I had the satisfaction of pointing out to panting Dame Goodwin, scuttled off to the most secluded corner, plainly well pleased with each other. Mine hostess presently trumped my card, and tagely tickled Farmer Goodwin and Short and Widow Smith as well as me, by giving a significant nod in the direction of the settle near the fireplace.

By George! If Goliah wasn't half kneeling on the seat close to the Fat Lady, who wore a wreath of smiles round her chubby visage; and bending over—and—actually!—kissing Mistress Lambert! Evidently, Goliah had "popped the question"—and been accepted with effusion! Here was my opportunity.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I began, lifting aloft my tumbler of punch, "we shall in a twinkling have the pleasure of drinking to the very good health of Dame and Father Goodwin with three times three. But ye all know that Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove,—and, not the least, the Merry Christmas Grove wherein we have the good fortune to be at this moment assembled. We live in a philosophic age. Men and women search for kindred spirits without regard entirely to age or epidermis. Affinity is the great desideratum. And that has been found to-night, I rejoice to say, by two esteemed friends of mine—Mistress Gertrude Lambert and Mr. Goliah Saker yonder—whose mutual affection can be read in their happy, happy countenances—and to whose speedy union and lifelong welfare let us now"——

"Stop!" exclaimed Dame Goodwin, rushing to



the door, upon which all eyes were at once fixed. "I heard a cry of 'Help!'"

Farmer George and some of us involuntarily followed her. Quick, womanly sympathy animating her, the latch was lifted in an instant. A gust of wind almost blew the door open, and swept in with the merry ding-dong-dinging of the Christmas bells ringing out "goodwill" from the old church steeple a shower of fleecy snow, and a white-faced woman with a child clinging to her shroud-whitened clothes protectingly.

"My poor girl, whoever you are, come in out of the bitter cold!" said Dame Goodwin, in the fulness of her heart taking the tottering stranger by the hand, and leading her towards the blazing yule-log. As the poor creature, faint and haggard, was passing me our eyes met.

"Marie!" escaped from my lips.

"My old friend! Shelter at last!" she sobbed; and, too weak to bear emotion, fainted, and fell into my arms: whilst the little chap with the fair curls wiped the snow from his pinched face, and looked up keenly with a pair of deep violet eyes into mine as trustfully as if he, too, knew the old Showman.

CHAPTER II.

MARIE'S WEDDING RING.

Christmas Morning! The church bells proclaimed it joyously. Snow had ceased falling. But out through the open window of the old kitchen I could see the snow lay thick on roadway and hedgerow in Kittlehampton. Unmistakably, a tough ride before us to Bramington, and back in time for Christmas dinner. Luckily, Short and I were well fortified with an early breakfast. There was the gig ready for us at the door before the rest of the household were stirring. Yet of the first importance though our flying visit to Bramington was from a business point of view, ye will understand presently why I felt bound to learn how fared the poor waif of yesternight before starting.

"Here she is," Short said, as the poor girl entered, and, with a sad reflection of the sweet smile I knew so well of old, came towards me, holding out both hands eagerly in the well-remembered way in which she used to greet her old guardian. My mate Short, thoughtful as ever, quietly stole out of the door, and left us two alone.

I own it. It was with an anxious sinking of the heart I reached forward to grasp Marie's hands. Relieved beyond measure to find a night's rest had removed some of the care which aged her pretty face on Christmas Eve, I longed, yet dreaded, to satisfy myself on another point. Like a lightning-flash came to my mind two scenes in which Marie was vitally concerned—the first, the deathbed of my old mate, Jim Medley, who, putting one feeble hand on little Marie's golden head, with his other clasped mine, and intrusted his little treasure to my care; the second, Partington's Circus seven years ago, the night when (Heaven forgive me if it was through any neglect of mine!) Marie disappeared, leaving but a letter to say good-by, and to tell us she had gone where she would be happier! Had she now a wedding-ring? Glad, indeed, was I to find my fears dispelled by the first touch of the band of gold, which assured me she was a true and honest woman still.

"Now, Marie, for breakfast!" I broke in, as the poor wanderer was volubly entering into her sad story—a common one enough: gay spark over head and ears in love with the Queen of the Arena—flight and marriage (so Marie protested, and exhibited her ring in proof thereof)—baby—mutual incompatability—desertion on the part of the "well-born" lover! "Breakfast (said I) will be better for your soul than confession. Only think now that your guardian's heart is lightened to see ye once more. Pick up your strength, darling, for your boy's sake. Here the youngster is, bless him! Surely, I've seen ye before, my lad? Why, yes, it's little Johnny!"

"Yessir; that's me. Thank you kindly, Sir, for taking mother and me in last night. This is the gemman, mother, what wos so good to me at the Show in Southmutton!"

"And Mr. Codlin's my best and oldest friend, Johnny—better, far better than I ever deserved!"

"Not a bit of it, Marie! I can tell ye one thing that'll please ye, Marie. Johnny's a little man already. Never saw such a boy! Ye must know he helped along our Show at Southmutton considerably. Sold our programmes outside; and drew no end of people in."

"The gemman's chaffing me now, mother!" and a knowing, weird little smile crept over the boy's worn little face.

"No chaff, Johnny! Solid corn is what ye're made of. Why, if we'd stayed in Southmutton another day, I'd have engaged ye there and then as agent-in-advance, acting manager, and whatnot? Didn't I catch ye one night under the lamp-post totting up your night's takings with a wee bit of pencil in a scrap of a memorandum book? Go on as ye've begun, Johnny; and Fortune's before ye! I'm on my way this very morning, Marie, to our old Show—Partington's. Why not rejoin with me, Marie? Times are hard. A week or two will restore your strength. I know Partington will be glad to have both yourself and Johnny in his troupe. Think it over, my dear!"

"Partington's! Why, dear friend, it was to the old Show we were tramping last night, when the snowstorm overtook us, and—and drove us to the farm of these dear, good people for shelter. All our money was gone—even Johnny's last penny. I had tried—oh! so hard!—to get enough for us two to live on by my needle. False pride, you will say; but yet the memories of what—even with your loving care and kindness—of what drudgery and temptations I had to undergo in the old days steeled me to persevere for the sake of Johnny. Who knows what his position in life may be by-and-by? But Heaven pity the sempstress: man has none for her! Penniless, I at last determined to trudge to Bramington, and try my luck with Partington. I'll not weary you, dear friend, with the story of that dreadful journey in the snow. But you, as my guardian, should know, that when the snowfall became nearly blinding, there flashed by Johnny and me a coach, at the window of which I saw as surely as I now see you the face of my husband. I held out my hand to arrest his attention. Johnny here recognised him, too. But the cruel coach rolled by"——

"It must have been fancy, Marie! No man could be so base and heartless"——

"Ah! no! no! It was a reality. It was Henry Fitzroy beyond a doubt!"

"Sorry to interrupt; but it's time we started," here called in Short.

Bidding Johnny cheer up Marie (and registering a vow I would never forget the name of Henry Fitzroy), I had then to get inside my stout overcoat, spring up alongside Short, and taking the reins, give Farmer Goodwin's best mare a gentle reminder that she would have to make the best of her way to Bramington.

We looked back in time to see Dame Goodwin kind-heartedly putting her arm round Marie's waist at the door, and hear her hospitable injunction—

"Be back in time for the plum-pudding; or Goliah will finish it!"

"Don't forget to put up our banns!" shouted the Giant, embracing the Fat Lady at the parlour window.

"And our banns, too," piped the dwarfs in unison, from the open kitchen window.

To all of which injunctions, I replied with the regulation curl of the whip as the gig glided noiselessly over the snow towards Bramington.

CHAPTER III.

THE WEDDING DAY.

THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, AND PUBLIC OF BRAMINGTON

are respectfully informed that the

BANNS of the TALLEST GIANT

and

FATTEST LADY in EUROPE,

and of the

SMALLEST DWARFS in the WORLD,

having been duly published on three successive Sundays,

THE WEDDINGS OF THE AFORESAID COUPLES

will be solemnised by the Rev. F. Laxmoore in Bramington Church on Monday. After which

PUBLIC RECEPTIONS

will be held by the Happy Pairs in the evening at PARTINGTON'S ROYAL CIRCUS.

Admission: One Shilling.

Ye will gather from the above poster, with which the walls of Bramington were liberally plastered,

that I came to a satisfactory arrangement on Christmas morning with Joe Partington, and likewise succeeded in overcoming the scruples which the Reverend Frederick Laxmoore felt against uniting Goliah and Gertrude, Signor Smallini and Miss Pettitoe in the holy bonds of matrimony. By George! I can see the whites of the Vicar's eyes to this day as he looked in pious horror up to the ceiling on first hearing my request. But Laxmoore gradually relaxed, and took a mundane view of the matter, when I ventured to submit, "These poor creatures have human weaknesses just as the ordinary members of your flock have, Reverend Sir!"

Whereupon, he gravely, and gravily—for he had an unctuous voice—murmured, "It shall be done, it shall be done, Mr. Codlin! Ah! truly wonderful are the ways of Providence! We poor instruments can but humbly carry out thy decrees!"

Saying which the reverend gentleman absent-mindedly pocketed the douceur I furtively dropped into his palm—and the ecclesiastical nail was clinched.

Our hit was immense! For three whole weeks, there was a Boxing-Night rush to Partington's Anglo-American Circus—the ladies, bless 'em! predominating "by a large majority"—to gaze at the blushing brides and bridegrooms to be, duly "called" every Sunday morning by the Reverend Frederick Laxmoore. One good effect of this novel excitement was that Marie was led to forget her sorrows for the time being in the distraction of the coming wedding. What can there be about a marriage that makes it engrossing to widow and maid, and all the world of womankind? I may take this as a fruitful theme for a Show lecture by-and-by. Enough that during that wonderful period of probation, the magnetic influence of the banns—my incorrigible friend, *Punch*, would say the musical or harmonious influence of the banns—filled all our pockets, caused money to be turned away at the doors, and made even Joe Partington contented. Meantime, ye may be sure I wasn't backwards in stimulating the rehearsals of Marie in her favourite hoop flight, and of little Johnny's somersaults, in which the smart lad was quite at home, owing to his street practice in catherine-wheel turning, I had a shrewd idea.

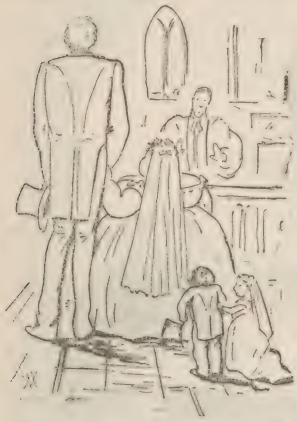
"THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY:" GOLIAH POPS THE QUESTION

Partington, I must confess, excelled himself on the Wedding Day. The procession from the Circus to the Church was about the prettiest pageant Bramington ever witnessed. The whole town turned out to see it, and the villagers flocked from miles round, Kittlehampton included, to behold the gratuitous spectacle. If the plebeians did honour to the occasion by cheering the Fat Lady and the Giant and Signor Smallini and Miss Pettitoe as they leant back in a gorgeous carriage which once carried the Right Honourable Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Lord Mayor of London, their curiosity was not greater than that of the Upper Crust within the walls of Bramington Church itself.

I may admit that I had myself seen with some care to the wedding garments of the proud bridegrooms; Dame Goodwin good-naturedly taking charge of Miss Lambert's elaborate and costly lace costume; and Marie turning out Miss Eva Pettitoe in Queenly fashion. We were rewarded for our pains. As Signor Smallini and Miss Eva sedately led the way, and Goliah and Miss Lambert followed up the aisle in stately fashion, I could scarcely restrain a certain feeling of pride at the eagerness with which the aristocracy and gentry of Bramington leapt up on their seats, and craned over

"THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY": MR. MERRYMAN'S LESSON.

their crowded pews to admire the results of our handiwork. Bramington will never forget the sight as the Rev. F. Laxmoore stood at the altar-rails with the unique couples in front of him.



The ceremony was about to begin when Goliah, it struck me, seemed a little fidgety and nervous. He missed the placid upward glance of sympathy which Miss Lambert shot at him—he missed her purring: I know she must have been purring at that moment from the steady rise and fall of the ample folds of lace beneath her dimpled, double chin—he even let drop the graceful and plump arm that rested softly on his. Goodness gracious! Goliah couldn't be thinking of turning tail? It was clearly a juncture that called for my intervention.

"The ring is safe: I have it!" I whispered to him. "Take it, and feel at ease!"

"'Tisn't the ring, Codlin. It's the elephant I'm thinking of!"

"Surely, Goliah, ye don't call your bride" ——

"Demn it! No, no, no, Codlin! It's the elephant of our Show! Old Dick, you know! It's this that's worrying me. We're old friends, that elephant and I. But ever since he heard of my engagement to Gertrude here he's been riling me in the most vexatious way. He was chaffier than ever in the procession to the church. Now, what I fear is that he'll break in, and stride up the aisle just in the most important part of the ceremony. See to it, there's a good fellow, that Old Dick is led home!"

The solacing tones of Parson Laxmoore soon restored his equanimity. The fixing of the rings was watched with breathless interest; and a kind of murmur of applause went round as the solemnity was concluded without a hitch.

* * * *

I will not dwell upon the crowning triumph of the Wedding Reception in the evening. Why, the Circus was fuller than the Church was in the morning. The newly-joined Goliah Sakers and Smallinis were affability itself; and, pelted with satin slippers and roses in the ring, bore up bravely amid the parting showers of rice and old boots we gave them for luck at starting on their honeymoon in the gilded Mayoral carriage aforesaid. I had good reason to shake hands with myself as I wished them "God speed." The matrimonial alliances Dame Goodwin and I had promoted between those remarkable natural curiosities had brought me in a couple of hundred to my own hook—in addition to the nice little haul that fell to the lot of Short, who jubilantly left with the connubial blissers to advertise them in the next town.

Do not imagine that I had forgotten Marie's wrongs all this time. By one of those curious coincidences that happen oftener in real life than some people think, a mysterious specimen of the Show *genus* had joined Joe Partington's Circus as Clown. He was taciturn, out of collar, as a rule. But when the bowl was circulating, he would thaw, and drop stray bits of scholarship that convinced me he once occupied a higher station in life than ours. Mr. Merryman had, in fact, the manners of a gentleman hidden beneath the motley. He was a strange fellow! Here this evening, in the interval, I came across him, seriously reddening his red-hot poker from a pot of paint standing on the big drum whilst he lectured *at* little Minnie Smith, and hinted at the snares that might be lurking for her. He meant well. But Polly Smith, bless ye! 'was quite capable of looking after her daughter.

Well, Minnie Smith had gone through a very creditable performance as Diamond Star—pirouetting deftly on the flat board of the old mill-horse of the ring. Still, next to the farewell reception of the Benedicts, *the* attraction of the night was, beyond a doubt, the performance we were all looking forward to with intense interest. This was "The Jack of Hearts'" first public essay on horseback. Joe Partington had hit the right nail on the head in styling little Johnny thus. Johnny was one of those fair little chaps ye take to at first sight. He was the favourite of all of us.

Naturally, we all crowded to the entrance when the nimble youngster bounded into the ring, and sprang with "vim" on to the back of the steady-going grey mare. I saw Marie's face flush with pleasure and pride as the people, won by his plucky, unpretentious entrance, heartily cheered "The Jack of Hearts." We knew his success was assured beforehand. Yet did the jaded eyes of old professionals brighten as he leapt neatly through the paper hoops, and alighted safely with a confident smile. Now for his deft somersaults! Johnny pulled himself together with the air of indomitable resolution we had all been tickled so much with at rehearsal, and had almost begun his turn, when he stopped, as if thunderstruck, and, pointing in the direction of the stalls, cried out in his boyish treble—

"Mother! Look!"

The startling recognition spoilt the act. "The Jack of Hearts" fell from the horse, and lay motionless on the side of the ring. A scream from Marie, who, tricked out as a Fairy Queen, ran as she was, and bore her boy away to the tent behind.

* * * *

Poor little fellow! Centre of a group of Circus people, his fair face bloodless, Johnny might have learnt at this moment how closely he had knitted himself to us. I found he had broken his leg; but, as he lay helpless there, Marie in an agony of grief at his pain, and anxiety felt by every one of us, from Mr. Merryman and Billy Button to the gloomy Ringmaster and the old grey mare herself, he kept his eyes fixed on the ring. They brightened. There quickly entered the tent a swell at sight of whom Marie lost her head, and furiously exclaimed with all the bitterness she could command,

"Why do *you* come here now? Coward! You are the murderer of my child!"

"Marie! Marie! I come to claim him—and you—to explain the reason of my enforced absence—to—— But is my poor boy much hurt?"

"His leg's broken!" put in the Clown, tearing off his wig. "But I hope it'll soon be reset now you're come back, Fitzroy. I was the Chaplain who married you to Marie Medley. There's a Happy New Year yet for you if this chance meeting reunites you heart to heart."

"As Marie's guardian," I couldn't help drily remarking, "allow me to say 'Amen' to that, Sir!"

The new comer did better than answer. The veneer of his caste vanished. I saw Marie's anger melting as Mr. Fitzroy knelt down by the side of Johnny, and press his lips on the little one's damp brow.

But, gently pushing his father's face away, Johnny put this leading question:—

"Did you see mother in the snow on Kissmas Eve?"

"Good Heaven! It was you, then! My boy—Marie—believe me, I swear to you I thought it was a vision. When I looked out of the window a second time I saw nothing; and so made sure it was but the phantom I see every night in my dreams."

"Ah! That was cos mother fell back in the snow," came the clear answer of Johnny.

The "Jack of Hearts" then placed his father's hand in Marie's; and I was glad to see the other good genius of that vanished Christmas, Dame Goodwin, come "behind" with Farmer George at this moment in time to hear the earnest assurance by means of which Mr. Fitzroy sealed his reconciliation with his wife:—

"Marie! Let us bury the past! For my desertion of you and our little one, I can never forgive myself. But I declare I have been zealously searching for you ever since I returned to England. I did not need the Chaplain's reminder of our marriage. In nursing Johnny back to health, let us renew our love for each other!"

And that was how the "Jack of Hearts," in missing his trick, won the game, my friends.

MY FIRST LOVE.

(*See Kate Greenaway's Drawing.*)

If there's an age when love is real,
When men are constant, women true,
When life approaches its ideal—
It is the happy age of two.
Ah! then we do not find the tricks
Of grown-up folk of five or six!

The youth, whom pictured here you see,
That pleasant time has passed long since.
He is as bad as you or me
(Don't at my easy grammar wince).
Already, though he isn't eight,
He's flirting at a reckless rate.

He murmurs tender nothings, picked
From Pinnock—or, it may be, Mavor;
Sighs that the damsel is so strict,
Nor deigns to grant the tiniest favour.
And see! The rascal's arm is placed
Quite half-way round her little waist!

His cunning hints sweet fancies weave
Of Gretna's dear impromptu chapel.
Alas! 'tis Adam tempting Eve—
You see his left hand clasps the apple.
But—oh! the selfish little brute!—
He doesn't offer her the fruit!

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

Mr. Carl Bock, a Danish gentleman, has just published in a large handsome volume, "A Narrative of Travels in Borneo and in Sumatra," undertaken by him at the suggestion of the late Marquis of Tweeddale and of the Governor-General of the Dutch Indies. Mr. Bock stayed several days, first with one tribe, then with others, and used his opportunities so well as not only to accumulate a large stock of curious natural history specimens and learn much about their habits, &c., but also to see life as it is among these wild tribes, and obtain exact information concerning their customs, traditions, modes of thought, rules of moral conduct, industrial pursuits, &c. It seems that the people of certain districts are cannibals, and Mr. Bock gives a ghastly likeness of a chief of theirs; but the custom which distinguishes all, even those which stand highest morally, is that of "head-hunting." Mr. Bock sums up the results of his inquiries on this point as follows:—

"In all great events of their lives the Dyaks require that human heads shall be procured. When a Dyak wants to marry, he must show himself a hero (or, as the Malays term it, an *Orang brani*) before he can gain favour with his intended; and the more heads he can obtain the greater the pride and admiration with which he is regarded, not only by his bride, but by the whole tribe. When a Rajah is dead, heads must be secured; for, according to Dyak belief, the victims serve as slaves to the departed Rajah in Heaven. Whenever a child is born to a Rajah—in Long Wai at least—heads must be got before it can be named. It is a rule among all the tribes that no youth can regularly wear a mandau, or be married, or associate with the opposite sex, till he has been on one or more head-hunting expeditions. A mandau is presented to him, probably, at his birth, or when he receives a name; but not till he has washed it in the blood of an enemy can he presume to carry it as part of his everyday equipment." No wonder that the traveller adds—

"Head-hunting, or, as the Dutch call it *Koppensnellen*, is the keystone, so to speak, in the edifice of Dyak religion and character. Its perpetual practice is no doubt one great cause of the rapid extinction of the race; and it is possible that before the custom can be entirely abolished the people themselves will have improved each other off the face of the earth." In the course of his travels Mr. Bock's curiosity was stimulated almost beyond measure on one point. He was assured by natives (who never heard of Darwin) that in a region beyond that inhabited by themselves men with rudimentary tails were to be found. The news fired his love of enterprise, the gratification of which, however, was at that time prevented. Being joined by the Sultan of Koetei, he was obliged, after exploring an apparently endless stony wilderness, to make use of water-ways running south-west in order to reach the Dutch settlement of Bandjermasin by the end of the year; and having struck the important river Barito, the party descended with it to the above-named town. There Mr. Bock and his Royal fellow-traveller parted with mutual esteem. But the gallant Dane resolved to ascend another stream flowing from the centre of Borneo, to obtain additional specimens of natural history; and while on this expedition his interest was once more excited by an expected meeting with a Malay official who had some months earlier vouched for having seen men with tails with his own eyes. This individual had even undertaken to bring, with the leave of a sovereign Prince, a pair of them to Mr. Bock, and could only make a lame excuse for failure. The traveller was now near Passir, the State in which his informant declared that tailed men lived, and he at once took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements so confidently made. These measures were not crowned with success.

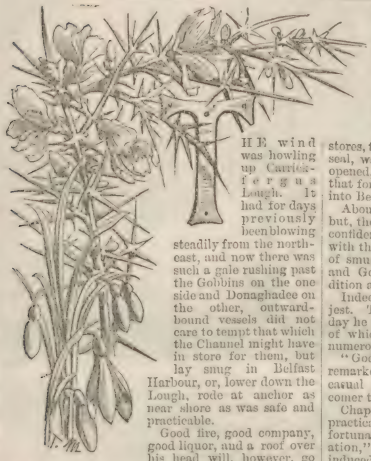
Captain Mat's Wager.

BY

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



THE wind was howling up Carrickfergus Lough. It had for days previously been blowing steadily from the north-east, and now there was such a gale rushing past the Gobbins on the one side and Donaghadee on the other, outward-bound vessels did not care to tempt that which the Channel might have in store for them, but lay snug in Belfast Harbour, or, lower down the Lough, rode at anchor as near shore as was safe and practicable.

Good fire, good company, good liquor, and a roof over his head will, however, go far to make a man comfortable in almost any weather, and on that stormy night, when it was blowing great guns along a treacherous coast, Mr. Peters, known to all in that country side as "the gauger," certainly did not enjoy the merits of a particularly strong tumbler of punch any the less, because the waves in the Lough were tossing like mad creatures, and there was no likelihood of any change in the weather, unless indeed that change might be for the worse, for twelve hours, at any rate. In such a gale, and with such a sea running, there was not a man in the north who would even think of trying to run a cargo, unless indeed it might be Captain Mat; and there in the flesh, and a good deal of it, sat Captain Mat before him, partaking of his "tumbler" also, and judiciously abstaining from praising too loudly whisky which he was well aware had never paid the King sixpence.

The habits of all ranks were different then from what they are now. Life was simpler—no better perhaps, and probably not much worse than it is at the present time, but certainly not fettered by such hard and fast rules of expediency and propriety as harass the souls of easygoing people at this period of the world's history. For example, if in 1881 an officer of excise were known to spend his "off hours" in the society of a suspected smuggler—to meet him in public-houses, and hob-nob with him across a round deal table set close in front of a roaring fire, some one in authority would find a good deal to say on the subject; nay, possibly a member of Parliament might be found to stand up in the House, and inquire "if it were true, as reported," &c.; but sixty-five years ago, and even later, nobody troubled his head about such matters. A certain amount of work had to be done, and, providing it were done, a too rigid inquiry was never instituted as to the *modus operandi*. Besides, if Mr. Peters had consorted with those only who were guiltless of defrauding the revenue, he must either have remained solitary or sought the society of his own underlings. For it would have been very hard indeed in those days to find anyone who "rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's" unless he was made to do so.

The popular feeling ran that it was right to cheat Cæsar; and it is only due to the populace to say they devoted themselves to the cause they considered just with an ardour and constancy deserving of all praise.

Who was not either thief or receiver?—who did not run cargoes, or take share of the spoil?—who failed to wink at practices which assuredly could not be considered legal? Indeed, it would be very hard to say. The ten righteous men Abraham sought for in Sodom, and sought in vain, were not more difficult to find than ten men on that coast who did not get something out of smuggling, in "meal or in malt."

* * * * *

So far, Captain Mat had kept himself out of reach of the law. He was a man who dealt in many things, and made his money by various expedients, some of which were perfectly harmless. He owned vessels—he owned houses—he owned land—he held a local appointment, which, it may be presumed, was not connected with Government — he was a keen politician, and always at election time made himself very busy on behalf of the Tory candidate! On such occasions he sold his vote, his services, and his influence at a high rate. He it was who, after having made a number of free and independent electors—who could not be bribed by the Orange side—drunk, conveyed them to the Copeland Islands, where, without a boat, he left the men to repent their contumacy till after the fight was over. Possessed of a most fertile brain, he proved invaluable to the party he favoured; and the stories he told of such periods convulsed Mr. Peters with laughter, and always—no matter how "contrary" things had gone in the day—sent him to his bed at night, when he was able to go to bed, in a better temper.

Mr. Peters was an Englishman, who had been sent to Carrickfergus to try if he could disperse the gang that eluded the vigilance of "gauger after gauger." Things were done on that coast which seemed to the Government incredible, except on the assumption that coastguardsmen and excisemen were in league with the enemy.

Whisky, for example, placed in the King's stores, the locks of which were sealed with the King's seal, was found, when the doors were in due time opened, to contain water; and it was well known that for years "poteen" had been openly conveyed into Belfast as "buttermilk."

About Mr. Peters's honesty there was no doubt; but, though he had come to the town with the full confidence of the authorities in his cleverness, and with the determination of sweeping the Lough clear of smugglers, so far the country side and himself and Government were precisely in the same condition as when he landed in Ireland.

Indeed, his presence was regarded rather as a good jest. The very beggars took his measure the first day he walked past the Court-house, the broad step of which building was a favourite resort of that numerous class.

"God help him, he's as soft as butter!" they remarked; while Captain Mat, after one apparently casual interview on the parade, declared the new comer to be "green as a gosling."

Chapters could scarcely contain an account of the practical jokes which were played off on the unfortunate man. He was deluged with "sure information," which always proved incorrect; he was induced to go on fool's errands to all sorts of ridiculous places; he was kept up at night and harassed during the day; he was "warned" and he was "threatened;" he was taken by a "spy" to the Rocking Stone, in Island Magee, and left there at twelve o'clock p.m. to find his way home as best he could.

There was not an inch of the Commons, or the Knockagh, or the Cavehill, or the Whitehead, or the Gobbins, his weary feet had not been induced to tread; but he made no seizure. The thin blue smoke of the stills mocked him from afar—smoke which disappeared as by magic when he drew near. He forgot that if he watched, others were watching too—that, sharp though his eyes might be, other eyes were sharper, and that he had to deal with a population who, even for the sport of the thing, delighted in cheating him in his dual character as an English and an excise man.

But he was brave. Captain Mat himself, who did not know the meaning of fear, acknowledged that fact; and this quality, combined with an almost child-like credulity and a geniality which caused him to enjoy life and overlook many offences, induced the people to regard him, eventually, with a certain liking, that made them hope he would not run himself into any harm, or force them, in self-defence, to "do him a damage."

By all parties it was clearly understood that if the best friends should happen, unfortunately, to meet ranged on different sides, no quarter would be asked or given. On the part of the smugglers, there was no desire to kill anybody—quite the contrary—but they would kill if necessary. The Captain of the cutter Firefly had been found on the shore beyond Kilroot, shot dead; and Templecorran and Carrickfergus churchyards contained more than one grave where lay those who had fallen in hand-to-hand encounters along the coast; and thus Mr. Peters felt no doubt that even Captain Mat, if a necessity arose, would stab him under the fifth rib or in any other part of his body; whilst he knew very well, if he met the Captain in command of a party, he would shoot him like a dog, and feel no remorse for what he had done afterwards.

At that time the cholera was decimating the north of Ireland. Periodically epidemics must attack any population ill fed, badly clothed, wretchedly housed. In the towns the disease made of course greater ravages; but even in lonely homes on the hill-sides people were dying in a manner to appal the stoutest heart.

Captain Mat, by way of choosing a pleasant subject, was talking about the cholera.

"If the wind had set the other way, now," he remarked, "the disease might have a chance of blowing out to sea; but, as matters are, it will only get carried further inland, for the next gale from the south-west to bring back again. They have got it now at Lisburn, I hear; and a man was telling me he hears it has broken out in Armagh."

"It is dreadful to think of the people dying like cattle," said Mr. Peters; "Government ought to do something."

"King George is not the Almighty, so far as ever I heard," answered Captain Mat.

"That is true; but still do you not think if the sick were better cared for, and the houses cleansed, and good food and medicine supplied in proper time"——

"No, I don't," said the Captain, replying to the inference suggested by Mr. Peter's tone, if not actually by his words. "If dirt and starvation, if bad smells and overcrowding cause cholera now, why don't they always cause it? You may take my word, we know nothing about these visitations; what they are, why they come, why they go. I believe, myself fear kills half the people; they have such a dread of the disease they die of the terror. Did you hear of the man in Ballymacaratt that made a bet he'd sleep in a bed where a boy had died of cholera?"

"No; I did not."

"Well, he went to bed, and was found a corpse the next morning; the fright did it; for no one had died in the room of cholera or anything else. I'm not afraid myself."

"Neither am I," said Mr. Peters.

"Then you needn't trouble yourself about the cholera; take some more punch, there's nothing better against infection than that. By-the-by, did you like the *butter* I sent you the other day."

"Then it was you," exclaimed Mr. Peters, setting down his tumbler and looking indignantly at the Captain. "I suspected as much."

"Was it to your mind," asked Captain Mat, "*or had it too strong a flavour of the peat?*" and he laughed till the blackened rafters rang again.

"I do not think you would care to get me into trouble," said Mr. Peters, appealing to his companion's better nature, "at least, not for the sake of a mere jest; and a thing of that sort, though only a joke to you, might not seem so amusing at the Castle. I took in the crock in good faith, believing it was butter."

"So it was," said the Captain.

"As far as it went;—but you know what it hid."

"Just the least taste of a sure cure for the cholera. If a man drinks enough of that, I'll be bound he'll want neither doctor nor nurse again!"

"If ever I get the chance of paying you back, Captain, for all the tricks you have served me, I will give you your money with interest."

"You don't mean that," said Captain Mat.

"Yes I do;" and there ensued a minute's silence, broken only by the noise made by the Captain slowly and meditatingly stirring his punch.

"You're a clever fellow, Mr. Peters," he said at last.

"I'm glad you think so," answered Mr. Peters, sulkily.

"But you're not so clever as I am."

"I am not up to your Irish ways yet, if that is what you mean; but wait a little. Once I get a fair chance"——

"Well, look here," observed the Captain; "I'll give you a fair chance, and devil a bit of a trick in it. I'll bet you five pounds I'll take a hundred weight of tobacco down the High-street of Belfast any day you like to name, and you will never seize it."

"In one lot?" asked the Englishman.

"In one lot," agreed the Captain. "And, to make it all the easier for you, I'll say between Hercules-street and the Corn-market, not earlier than ten in the morning and not later than three in the afternoon."

"Do you mean you will bring it round the corner of Hercules-place?"

"Yes, I'll fix it as near as that if you like."

"Done," said Mr. Peters.

"Then that is settled," remarked the Captain.

* * * * *

At a quarter to ten on the day appointed Mr. Peters and three of his men were at the place named. It was not a bad locality for Captain Mat to have selected if he wanted to drive his opponent out of his mind; for, what with butchers' carts, carts laden with farm produce, private traps, timber waggons, jaunting cars, and all sorts of conveyances, the gauger soon found he had undertaken a gigantic task.

Curses loud and deep assailed the unfortunate exciseman; there was not an oath in the extensive repertory of the north of Ireland he had not launched at his head; but he held doggedly to his work, and when, at last, several of the conveyances began to turn along Rosemary-street, the labour of search grew lighter.

But about eleven a dreadful thing, for which he had not bargained, happened. While he was overhauling a cart filled with hay and a waggon piled high with sacks of flour, there emerged from Berry-street the rough conveyance which at that time collected the dead and bore them to places where they were buried, people feared to inquire how! On a plank placed above the bodies two villainous-looking men sat smoking short pipes; the horse was white, bespattered with mud; the tail-board was down, and from beneath the rough sacking thrown carelessly over the bodies one arm and foot were plainly visible—a gruesome spectacle.

That was not the worst of it, however; as the cart moved on the most frightful stench seemed literally jolted out of it—a loathsome, sickening smell, as of something in the last stage of decomposition, which scattered the bystanders and caused a regular stampede, even amongst the ragged urchins and beggars, whose olfactory organs could not have been supposed too sensitive.

When the cart drew near, there ensued a free fight between the carmen of the waggon and van and those who were detaining them. Blows were exchanged without ceremony, and oaths such as might have pierced the heavens rose on the morning air. "Were honest men to stand there to be murdered? What was it supposed they had hid? If the Excise thought there was anything wrong, let them follow to the places they were going to

"THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY:" "JACK OF HEARTS'" TUMBLE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

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deliver their hay and flour, and not keep them there to be poisoned by the cholera stink."

There was an awful scrimmage for a minute, during the course of which Mr. Peters was knocked right up against the tailboard of the cart, when, to save himself from falling, he involuntarily stretched out his hand and seized a corpse by its ankle.

"I'm a dead man," he thought, as a whiff of that awful stench poured down his throat. "Let them pass," he shouted to his satellites, "and two of you go with them."

"Will I get ye a drop o' whisky, Mister, dear?" asked a lad who was standing near. "Ye look fit to drop—and, sure, no wonder. That was an awful smell."

"I thought they were not allowed to pass through the streets in the daytime?"

"Neither they were; but the people's dying so fast, they have to clear them away as they can."

"Where are they going?" inquired Mr. Peters, watching with a horrible fascination the vehicle as it went at a good trot down the High-street.

"To Friar's Bush, yer Honour."

"But that's not the way to Friar's Bush."

"They have to go round by Arthur-square to take Mr. McCalley, who died this morning."

"Do you mean to say they take a man like Mr. McCalley to his grave in that fashion?"

"Troth do I—what's Mr. McCalley dead of the cholera better nor anybody else?"

Another hour wore on. Faint and sick, Mr. Peters bitterly repented having accepted such a wager. Another cholera cart might pass; the town authorities were furious; a riot might ensue, then the military would be ordered out; after that the Castle authorities were sure to send down to investigate the matter.

"Damn Captain Mat," thought Mr. Peters; and even as he delivered himself of this comminatory ejaculation, Captain Mat stood at his elbow.

"It's no good," he said, "waiting here any longer, they have turned the traffic; you may come away."

"Then you give up your bet, I suppose."

"We'll settle all that comfortably at Eden, to-night. Be sure you come."

"I'll come *if I'm alive*," answered Mr. Peters, gloomily; and, dispatching his men, he turned on his heel and walked away.

* * * * *

"Now," said Captain Mat, standing before the fire, on which a kettle sputtered furiously, "I'll trouble you for that trifle of money."

"Why, you never took a pound of tobacco through High-street, to-day."

"Didn't I?"

"Not while I was there."

"Didn't I?"

"We searched every conveyance, from a donkey-cart to a carriage."

"Did you?"

"Yes; why do you laugh?"

"Because there was one you let pass."

"Not a single one."

"Not one going by way of the Corn-market to Friar's Bush?"

"You don't mean that, Captain?"

"Don't I?"

"But it was full of dead bodies!"

"No, it wasn't. There was only one dead man in it; all the rest was tobacco."

"Stowed away in the Cholera Cart?"

"It was not the cholera cart at all, though we produced a very good likeness of it. As for the man, he was killed falling off a ladder; and I offered to pay for the wake and the funeral, *if his friends would lend me the body for a few hours.* Bless you! I could have got twenty on the same terms."

"And who might the lad be that told me the cart was going round to Arthur-square to pick up Mr. McCalley?"

"A nephew of the deceased gentleman, I hired for the occasion."

"And is Mr. McCalley dead?"

"No; he is as well as you are."

"And where did the dreadful smell come from?"

"Oh, we threw that in to *heighten the effect.*"

"Well, I confess myself beaten," said Mr. Peters.

"I will pay you the five pounds to-morrow."

"I won't take it from you, my lad. I have had far more than five pounds' worth of fun out of the affair."

"You have some curious ideas of fun in Ireland."

"I wouldn't have done it *if you hadn't said you were not afraid of the cholera,*" explained Captain Mat, demurely.

What is the difference between a woman and an umbrella?—An umbrella can be shut up.

"I like Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, because they are portable, pleasant to take, and effectual in cases of Coughs, Colds, &c."—(Signed) C. Smith, Stokesley Station, Northallerton. Price 1s. 1½d. per Box.—[Advt.]

J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for the Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. I therefore recommend its use as invaluable to all who suffer from Toothache." A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights, but having used Bunter's Nervine, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all complaints, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience." N. Cass, Esq., Brook House, Cricklade, writes:—"I can with confidence recommend Bunter's Nervine to all who suffer from Toothache, having applied it in many instances, and never knew it fail to give immediate relief." Of Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d.—[Advt.]

Artemus Ward's First Lecture.

BY

HOWARD PAUL.

I remember the late Albert Smith once telling a group of men who were dining with him at the Garrick Club, that before he gave his first entertainment, the "Overland Mail," in London, and risking the fiat of a metropolitan audience, he determined on a trial-trip in the provinces, to note the effect of his quips upon a less cultivated and exigent public. He settled on a little market-town in Surrey, and his bold bright announcements, full of promise and pictorially embellished, populated the reserved seats and respectably filled the hall. Thus far all was well. He began his lecture, and kept his vigilant eye on a respectable old gentleman who was accompanied by three young ladies, all of whom sat near the platform. The lecturer was received in cold and solemn silence; and, without unnecessary preliminaries, he at once plunged easily into his subject, rattling it off as only Albert Smith in his fresh fluent young days could have done. Some of the audience now and then tittered, one or two got as far as a laugh, but the stately old country gentleman with the three daughters preserved a quiet dignity and heard the entertainment from end to end without the semblance of a smile. The genial and effervescent Albert feared that his "Overland Mail" was not the roystering success he fondly hoped it would prove; and as the people were groping their way out of the ill-lighted little hall into the gloom and rain of a winter's night, he approached the old gentlemen and said. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but how did you like my entertainment? I am most anxious to know your opinion."

"Sir," replied the old gentleman, buttoning up his great coat and drawing himself up with an imperative air of importance, "It was a very pleasant lecture indeed, and had it been less serious and treated in a different spirit I have no doubt my family would have enjoyed it very much. Good-night Sir."

Albert was appalled. His jokes had all missed fire and been unquestionably misunderstood. It was clear that his style of fun was not adapted to the bucolic or provincial mind. It was obvious that he must revise his entertainment or bombard the Londoners with his jests. He chose the latter alternative, and for very many years his "show," as he delighted to call his representations, was one of the prime attractions of the great metropolis.

I was relating this incident one day to Artemus Ward, and insisting on the theory that what suits the town will not always hit the mark in the country. He protested that he was quite of my opinion—'only more so'—and then he proceeded to illustrate his conviction by this little anecdote:—

"Before I ventured to storm the big cities," said he, "I thought I'd take a modest turn in some of the towns and villages up through New York State, and I settled to begin at an outside place called Goschen, a great cheese and butter dépôt. My agent was an advertising fiend, named John P. Smith, who stuck at nothing as far as printer's ink was concerned, and was a bit of a wag in his way. He promised to do his level best to make the lecture a success. We put up at the principal inn and distributed a hat full of free tickets, so as to be sure of a decent crowd in the hall. Well, everything was in readiness; and at the last moment I sent for Smith, who was to 'tend door. I said 'John, I feel shaky and nervous, and I wish, after the people get well in, you'd give me a hand now and then to start 'em on."

"'Leave it to me,' said Smith, encouragingly. "I've fixed all that. You'd better take a swig of Bourbon before you begin. You'll find a glass and bottle behind the curtain."

"I followed my agent's advice," continued Artemus, "and fortified myself with a stiff horn of ironclad whisky, and then I presented myself to the expectant public. I was rigged out in a white vest and tie, and looked as insipid as a boiled fowl. I didn't get a hand. Smith was too busy collecting the tickets to look after my entrance, so my send-off was not stimulating. I began my lecture in a slow measured tone of voice, and you might have heard a cannon-ball drop, or the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief. At any rate, they were attentive, I thought: so I let off in due course what I considered a joke. They didn't take it. I paused; then went on. By-and-by I let off another—same result; then another; and Smith, who had got through his ticket collecting and inserted himself among the people, began to applaud lustily.

"My experience of sympathetic city audiences had previously suggested that when some one boldly and bravely leads off the applause others usually follow; but at Goschen this habit did not obtain. A man well up in front cried, 'Silence! H-i-s-s-h!'

"Again I proceeded, and told them a story that many a time and oft I had related with screaming success in private circles. Smith this time set up a terrific guffaw, stamped and clapped his hands and rocked backwards and forwards as though he was utterly overcome by my humour. The audience were not to be lured into following his example.

"'Silence!' shouted one.

"'Don't interrupt the speaker!' howled another.

"'Turn him out!' roared a third.

"And half the audience rose to see who had caused what they thought an unseemly and riotous interruption to the evening's proceedings. A farmer-looking man near Smith had a thick stick in his hand and a menacing look in his eye. I thought he meant business, and would go for him. I had come to a dead standstill, and my agent saw his opportunity. He leaped on one of the empty forms and proceeded to address the audience.

"'Ladies and gentlem,' shrieked he, 'I am a free and enlightened citizen of this glorious Republic, and I claim the proud privilege of enjoying Mr. Artemus Ward's anecdotes. When I enjoy anything I laugh out loud, and when I laugh I make a noise. I cast no reflections on you, my fellow-citizens, but it's clear to me your heads are too thick for Mr. Ward's stories to penetrate. I—' the rest of the sentence was lost in the confusion that followed.'—

"'Out with him!'

"'Who is he?'

"'Hi! Hi! Pitch him in the pond'——

"'Dry up!'

"And hundreds of similar observations rent the air. I pantomimed to Smith to withdraw. He obeyed; and, peace being restored, I proceeded. This episode rather amused me, and I fell into my best vein. I told them anecdote after anecdote, story after story, and fired off a fusillade of crisp and biting jests. It was no use. I could not for the soul of me rouse them to any outward expressions of appreciation or enjoyment. Then I felt vexed; at last I grew whimsically vicious in my despair. In for a penny in for a pound, thought I; when I suddenly stopped, and, glaring defiantly at a certain man in the audience, I pointed at him with my index finger; and, looking at my watch, said—

"'Ladies and Gentlemen, for three quarters of an hour I have been trying my hardest to dig a laugh out of you. Up to now I havn't succeeded. I don't wish to be personal, but if that man with the red hair and the long nose doesn't laugh soon I shall stop this solemnity and go and hang myself.'

"Now, mark the provincial mind," remarked Artemus. "The audience, who had passed over some mighty fine wheezes and a few well-crusted Joe Millers, regarded this allusion to the red-haired man with the long nose as a tremendous local joke which they thoroughly understood, and they simply set up a howl. It turned out that the victim of my daringly impertinent observation was a political tailor on the unpopular side of the house, who was in the habit of being violently chaffed at the town's meetings. I had made a fluke—a hit—a grand and unexpected coup; and I wound up my lecture as quickly as possible, having secured, at any rate, one resonant, ringing outburst. It is true, I had not calculated on this combined result of audacity and accident; but I felt the audience had had something for their money, and had not left their homes entirely in vain. As they prepared to disperse, I said—

"'Oh! Ladies and Gentlemen,—I forgot to mention that there is a key to this lecture, an explanatory second part, which I shall deliver this day three weeks in Washington. Any person who feels that he has not mastered my subject in its various details will be given a free ticket at Washington, in case he would like to attend. I may also say, that I will be at the Buck Hotel to-morrow up to 7.30 a.m., and anyone who wishes to confer with me in regard to the jokes I have perpetrated, I shall have great pleasure in explaining them, and shedding any light on 'em is in my power. And bear in mind I make no extra charge for so doing.'

"The audience listened to it chattering away, and my faithful J. P. Smith stood at the door to collect opinions.

"'What did they seem to say?' I asked, when we got to the hotel, and were totting up the receipts and solacing ourselves with two Bourbon Cocktails.

"'Say,' replied Smith, 'Well, I wouldn't like to repeat all I hear., but one man said he guessed you were laughing at them in your sleeve, and that you were a darned fraud, anyhow; and gently insinuated that the next time you visited Goschen you'd better have your life insured. Another man said you might be smart enough for some towns, but you wasn't up to the mark for Goschen.'

"Here the landlord of The Buck joined us, and asked us to participate in a nightcap and a cigar. He seemed a good-natured man, and I ventured to ask him what *he* thought of my lecture.

"'Wall,' said he, with crushing urbanity, and a frank expression lanced into his honest blue eyes, "I didn't quite get a grip of what you were preachin' about. You see I'm not *much* of a hand for shows and sich likes; but, by the great United States, when you pinted out that are red hair'd rooster with the long beak—well, I *must* say I thought it were the best thing I ever heard in my life."

Comfort for the Henpecked.—"Make an oat of this," said the hen to its brood, as they gathered in their little crops—*Burlington Enterprise.* "Why don't you eat some yourself?" asked one of the chickens. "Me?" replied the hen; "I'm going on another lay."—*Somerville Journal.* The *Burlington Enterprise* generally has a layer of puns on hand.—*Somerset (N. J.) Unionist.* Set that hen and stop its cackle, the subject is eggshausted.—*Washington Republic.* No, indeed, it's good over it. Do yolk hatch the idea?

Cork Legs and False Eyes.—Grossmith's Artificial Legs enable the patient to walk or sit with comfort, where ever amputated. Lighter and less expensive than the old style, will last a lifetime; are worn by ladies and children with perfect safety. Awarded the medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and pronounced by the juries "excellent in manufacture, and on a system superior to all others." Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 175, Fleet-st. Est. 1760. Price-Lists free.—[Advt.]

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY STORY.

THE GOOD AND BAD FAIRIES, AND HOW THE GOOD TRIUMPHED.

My Dear Children,—You asked me to tell you why it is that you are all so healthy, so full of good spirits, and so happy in all things, when there are so many that we meet every day that have none of these blessings, but who are thin and ill, every step they take painful, and seemingly quite incapable of enjoying this beautiful world of ours.

I will tell you. It is because you are guarded by a wonderful Talisman, which has shielded you from your earliest infancy, and which is the gift of the Good Fairies, who spend all their time in watching and keeping from harm the little ones in every home that possesses it; for everyone can have it if they will only ask for it, and their children will grow up healthy and strong, as you have done.

But to make you understand it all we must go back a long time—many, many years before you were born—when the Wicked Fairies had it all their own way, and there were none to say them nay. You have all heard of the Wicked Fairies who used to take the dear little babies, just born, out of their cots and carry them ever so far away, leaving in their place poor little shrivelled-up mites, who looked more like bags of bones than children.

Especially at that time there were two—oh, such Wicked Fairies!—nothing good about them, whose names I will tell you presently, who always were trying how much harm they could do, and never were so happy as when they were causing some misery or other to the Earth Children, as our race was called in those long-past days; so, whenever they could, they would steal away some dear little plump, crowing, darling little baby, and leave in its place a poor, wizened, miserable little thing that everyone said was a "changeling" directly it was seen.

Did you ever hear of anything so wicked and cruel!

How long this would have gone on no one can say. Perhaps, instead of sitting now, this Christmas night, all of us around the warm fireside, so happy each of you, listening to mamma's "Fairy Story," one and all of you might have been far away from home and friends, down in the depths of the earth, digging and delving to please the Wicked Fairies who had stolen you away, and who never say a kind word, and who would tear and pinch you for very mischief.

Are you not thankful that it is not so?

Luckily for you, there are good Fairies as well as bad ones—so kind and true, just the reverse of those I have told you of—who pass all their time in doing good and being kind to the Earth Children; and there were also two of these whose names you shall also soon know, who could not bear to see the way in which the Wicked Fairies treated their pets, and so they set to work, and thought, and thought, and thought how they could prevent their being stolen away and treated so badly. At last they discovered that they must find a certain Talisman, which was of such a wondrous nature that whoever had it in the house where they lived would be quite free from the attacks of all the Wicked Fairies, especially the two that did so much harm. Such a wonderful Talisman this! No one before had ever heard of such a thing—not large, encased in white paper, with cabalistic letters on it; and yet it not only protects children from every ill, but it provides them with delicious food, which never disagrees with them, and soon makes even a changeling plump and strong. Then the question was, How is this Talisman to be found? Where is it? Where could it be hidden? Surely nowhere on earth? Such a treasure must be hidden away in the moonbeams or on some distant star. So off they went, from star to star, then to the moon, but the man in it did not know anything about the "Talisman;" so at last they were nearly tired with their search, and almost gave up hope, when, having come back again to earth, they saw a dear, old, wise, clever physician, surrounded with books even more clever than himself, who for years had been trying to find the same Talisman that they had themselves tried so hard to find; and now he had nearly found it, and indeed would have quite found it, but that it could not be found by mortal man without the Fairies' help.

So, at once, the two good Fairies, whose names were Knowledge and Carefulness, went and sat one on each side of the good doctor, prompting him and helping him on, and soon the Talisman appeared, and the good doctor gave it to all his patients, and all their children became well and strong; and all the Wicked Fairies, with the two whose names were Ignorance and Neglect, fled away, utterly powerless for harm, except to those who would not keep the Talisman; and although there are many foolish ones who have not even yet obtained it, there are thousands upon thousands of children—yes, and grown-up men and women, too—who hourly bless the good Physician and the kind Fairies, through whose exertions they are saved from Ill Health, Disease, and Death. And you, my dear children, take to heart this little story, and, as you grow up, be sure you continue friends with the good Fairies I have told you of, for you will always find Knowledge a powerful friend in need, and that with Knowledge combined with Carefulness you will escape almost every ill that can come upon you. And what is this Talisman, possessing all these marvellous properties? Can you guess? You have seen it often enough. Why, a tin of Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food—a Talisman, indeed, giving Health, Strength, and Comfort, and Quiet Nights!

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We give an illustration of a portion of the interior of Ridge's Royal Food Mills in next column.

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As Time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, we find our joys and sorrows left behind, so we build up the being that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?—*Health, and the things we love, and those who love us.*

ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.—Before and after the Christmas Pudding, take ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST WITHOUT THE ART OF EATING.—A gentleman writes:—"When I feel out of sorts I take a dose of **Eno's Fruit Salt** one hour before dinner; the effect is all I could wish." How to enjoy good Food, that would otherwise cause Biliousness, Headache, or Disordered Stomach, use **Eno's Fruit Salt.**

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NEW GUINEA.—"How I wish I had a dozen bottles of **Eno's Fruit Salt!** It is the best medicine I have ever had, and the most refreshing drink I have yet tried."—Explorations by the Rev. J. Chalmers, London Missionary Society.

HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE. An English Chaplain writes:—"Would you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in Russia for the sale of your **Fruit Salt?** If not, would it be possible to send two or three bottles through the post? We have used your **Fruit Salt** now for some time, and think so highly of it, that my wife says she would not be without it for a great deal. For Children's ailments I know of nothing to equal it; it acts like a charm. Our little ones have had no other medicine for some time. No matter what the ailment may be—cold, headache, or stomach-ache—the **Fruit Salt** seems to cure in a marvellously short time. The **Fruit Salt** seems to be just the medicine we have required for a long time—something thoroughly efficacious, which acts quickly, and is pleasant to the taste. I am, faithfully yours, A BRITISH CHAPLAIN. "March 10, 1880."

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PREVENTION.—"With the progress of sanitary science we must expect to see preventive medicine take the ascendancy. Cure will cease, prevention will grow. Humanly-made epidemics, like the Great Plague of London, which was planted and reared in the rush-covered floors of domiciles saturated with the organic refuse of years; or, like the modern typhoid, which is fed by foul streams used as drinking-water, such self-made epidemics will be prevented by simple mechanical skill. Diseases imposed by indulgence in harmful pleasures and appetites, or by physical overwork and shock, which, like the lightning stroke, come without human ordinance or fault, will also be placed under some protecting care, and, if not removed, will be reduced to a short calendar."

CURE.—In time the word **CURE** will go altogether. It is clear already that there is indeed no such thing. A man born to live through a given cycle lives through it free of disease, unless he be stricken from without. If stricken, and by the stroke the natural functions, by the exercise of which he lives, are not so disturbed but that they can swing back again in due order, he may recover. If he be stricken beyond this he will die. Nature will pursue her course undisturbed by either event. She will make no special effort to kill, and assuredly she will put out no special hand to save. Man may intervene, and may by knowledge put the stricken body into such a condition that it will swing back into its natural course, whereby he will have put it into a condition in which it will not die. This is the very highest development of medical art resting on science. But it is no cure in the common meaning of the term.—An address delivered before the Sanitary Institution of Great Britain by B. W. Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

WHAT DASHES TO THE EARTH SO MANY HOPES, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? To say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes from the loss of the bread-winners of families.

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12 Tea Spoons ...	0 12 0	0 18 0

A GREAT VARIETY OF ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR WEDDING OR OTHER PRESENTS,
CRUET FRAMES, with Rich Cut Glasses, 18s. 6d. to 120s.
DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS, in 12-pair Cases, 50s. to 130s.
FISH-EATING KNIVES, in Case, 40s. to 120s. the Dozen.
SETS of PLATED SPOONS and FORKS, 180s. to 250s.
SETS of CUTLERY, 1 Dozen each and Carvers, 70s.
TEA and COFFEE SETS, 70s. to 300s.
TEAPOTS, 18s. 6d. to 35s.
BISCUIT BOXES, 5s. 6d. to 85s.
BLOCK-TIN DISH COVERS, 25s. the Set of Six.
FISH CARVER and FORK, in Case, 12s. 6d. to 25s.

Orders above £2 sent per Rail, Carriage-free.
Catalogues Gratis or post-free. Cash Discount, One Shilling in the Pound.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,
336, STRAND (opposite Somerset House), LONDON.—Established 1818.

HOOPING-COUGH.
ROCHE'S
HERBAL EMBROCATION.
The Celebrated EFFECTUAL CURE
Without INTERNAL MEDICINE.
SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS,
W. EDWARDS AND SON, 157, QUEEN VICTORIA-STREET
(Formerly of 67, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCHYARD, LONDON),
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
SOLD BY MOST CHEMISTS
throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.
Price 4s. per Bottle.

AMERICAN WARBLER.

Registered Trade Mark on each Box.

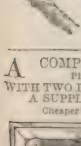
This ingenious instrument deceives even experienced bird-fanciers, and is admitted to be the most wonderful invention of the day; any bird, near or at a distance, can be imitated at pleasure, without detection. Requires no blowing or water. For teaching birds to sing it is a marvel.

SENT POST-FREE, 15 stamps.

L. HUMPHREYS, 269, High Holborn, London, W.C.

A COMPLETE SELF-INKING PRINTING-MACHINE, WITH TWO DOUBLE SETS OF TYPE AND A SUPPLY OF INK, &c., for 6s. 6d.

Cheaper than an Indiarubber Stamp.



The Machine is fixed on a mahogany block, and will print Cards, Addresses on Note-Paper, Envelopes, Marking Linen, &c. A USEFUL, AMUSING, and INSTRUCTIVE PRESENT for young or old, or either sex. A child can work it. Full Instructions sent with each Machine. P.O.O. payable High Holborn.

J. FOOT and SON, 33½, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

THE WONDROUS AMERICAN WATCH PURSE.—The exact size, equal in appearance and scarcely distinguishable from a SOLID SILVER LEVER. The back, when opened, forms a BEAUTIFUL SILK-LINED PURSE for Coins, Stamps, Notes, &c. Comprises a really useful article in itself, even without its mysterious and amazing qualities—i.e., PLACE A COIN IN THE PURSE AND THE HAND POINTS TO THE TIME OF DAY. A FACT. Can be worn as a watch or carried as a portemonnaie. A unique present for young or old of either sex. Sent free for 27 stamps; two, 4s. 3d. Sole Agent. Trade applied.

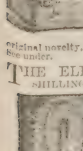
L. HUMPHREYS, 269, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

THE FACETIÆ-SCOPE, or Gem Portrait Camera (Regd.), ONE SHILLING. This is the new American DAY or GAS LIGHT process. Carte-de-Visite Portraits at once produced. Instructions brief and simple. COMPLETE APPARATUS—Camera, Dry Plates, &c., included. A cheap and amusing way of filling the family album with reminiscences of old friends. Marvellous for the money. Sales unprecedented, see under.

THE SHILLING SHOCKER is a model of a Coil Machine. The handle removed, when a shock is gradually delivered to any part of the body. Coil under till two powerful shocks. The fittings are of brass, copper, and steel, mounted on polished wood, forming an extraordinary

original novelty, and retaining its power for years. See under.

THE ELECTRIC LAMP. ONE SHILLING. This is a Lamp, as per Engraving. Simon Hedger's curious, and gives a light of intense brilliancy for hours. The works are automatic, and are mounted on ornamental pedestal.



The apparatus being covered with a shade of ground glass, the rays are diffused, and a soft, brilliant light is produced.

FUTURE ADVANCE NOVELTIES, post-free, 1s. 3d., or the Three Addresses for 2s. 6d.

Address—
ELECTRICAL DEPOT,
60, STRAND, LONDON.
Manager, J. BATHURST.

One Shopkeeper, centrally situated, required in each town. Will be extensively advertised, free, on once taking up these quick-selling seasonable Novelties.

SCRAPS! PICTURES!! GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

300 beautifully coloured Embossed Relief Scraps, charming Coloured Transfer Pictures for decorating and embellishing china, glass, magic-lantern slides, scrap-books, &c. 6 splendid Chromos, Swiss Landscapes, Pretty Heads, &c. 3 Pretty Birthday Cards. A simple Illuminated Text for hanging on wall; and a pair of

MAGNIFICENT OIL PICTURES,

size 13½ by 10½, eminently suitable for framing, and worth double the money.

The above wonderful Parcel sent to readers of this Paper, carefully packed, free, 14 stamps. For a very short time only. Do not miss this opportunity.

BEED and SON, 5, Great Portland-st., London, W.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

GENUINE VALUE.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS DESCRIBED.

RICHARDS' A1 PACKET of CHRISTMAS CARDS is the very best value ever given. Each Packet contains

6 Penny ditto	6s. 6d.
3 Twopenny ditto	6s. 6d.
2 Threepenny ditto	6s. 6d.
1 Sixpenny ditto	6s. 6d.
Total value	2s. 0d.

Also a BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY CARD, worth 6d., making this the MOST VALUABLE PARCEL ever met with.

In addition to the above, every purchaser will be presented with

A PAIR OF GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS, nicely mounted.

N.B.—The Cards in this Packet are not rubbish; they are all new designs, and are being sold in shops at the prices quoted above.

One Packet, with Representation Photographs, post-free, 15 stamps; 4 Packets for P.O.O. for 4s. 3d.; 6 Packets for P.O.O. for 5s. 6d.

Money returned if not as described.

W. RICHARDS,
42, TACHBROOK-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

FOR ALL,
FROM THE PRINCE TO THE PEASANT,
ONE SHILLING.

THE CHEAPEST NOVELTY OF THE DAY and the GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED is

RICHARDS' NEW ALBUM,

which contains
119 CHOICE VIEWS
of the most renowned spots to be met with on a TRIP FROM LONDON TO MELBOURNE.

EACH ALBUM
contains Views of London, Liverpool, Berlin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paris, Marseilles, Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, Hamburg, Rome, Milan, Naples, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Amsterdam, Brussels, Rotterdam, Cologne, Switzerland, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, New York, Chicago, Boston, Melbourne, &c.

THESE PICTURES
are produced in a high style of chromo-lithography, and are almost

EQUAL TO PHOTOGRAPHS.

Each Album is bound in a richly gilt illuminated cover.

One Copy, post-free to any address,
FOR 13 STAMPS.

N.B.—Every purchaser during this month, will be presented with
TWO SUPERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

To give customers confidence in this advertisement, we promise to return money if goods are not as described.

W. RICHARDS,
42, TACHBROOK-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

SCRAPS!

Homes may be made beautiful by the use of our BEAUTIFUL RELIEF SCRAPS.

The purposes for which they can be employed are manifold; just a few of the uses may be mentioned, such as Decorating Screens, making Albums, Photograph Frames, Toilet Tidies, and Cushion Covers, for Ornamenting Fans, Plates, Pictures, Windows, &c.

RICHARDS' "NONSUCH" PACKET
contains TEN LARGE SHEETS of the BEST QUALITY COLOURED SCRAPS, large, small, and medium-sized subjects, very useful for all the above purposes, usually sold at 2d. and 3d. per sheet; a LIFELIKE COLOURED PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, and an

ALBUM OF TWELVE VIEWS,
beautifully Tinted.

The whole parcel will be sent, post-free for 15 stamps.

N.B.—Every purchaser, during this month, will be presented with

TWO CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Money returned if not as described.

W. RICHARDS,
42, TACHBROOK-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

1S. 3d. GRAND 1S. 3d.

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PARCEL.

Messrs. GEO. P. SPALDING and CO., late of Ipswich, take this opportunity of thanking the readers of this Paper for the very liberal patronage accorded them during the past year, in recognition of which they intend offering a MONSTER PARCEL of USEFUL and FANCY GOODS at a RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE, which may be the means of introducing their goods to those who have not yet already favoured them with their orders.

The parcel will consist of the following articles:—

100 BEAUTIFULLY EMBOSSED COLOURED SCRAPS.
12 CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS, new patterns and choice designs.
6 PRETTY CHROMOS, suitable for Scrap-Books, &c.
3d LOVELY BIRTHDAY CARDS.
2 MAGNIFICENT SCRIPTURE TEXTS, printed in Gold and Colours.
50 SWISS TRANSFERS, for decorating China, Fancy Articles, &c.
1 ILLUMINATED PURSE CALENDAR for 1882.
1 BEAUTIFUL ORAL LAMP.
16 PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF LONDON, contained in an Album.

The whole of the above Parcel will be sent, free, to any reader of this Paper on receipt of 17 penny stamps, provided every order be accompanied by the following Coupon, which must be sent:—

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles the sender to one "Grand Christmas Parcel" for 1s. 3d. or 17 stamps.
(Signed) GEO. P. SPALDING and CO.

The above should be cut out and forwarded, with remittance, as early as possible, to prevent disappointment, as orders executed in rotation. Money returned if goods are not as advertised.

Address all orders to
GEO. P. SPALDING and CO.,
18, Great Colman-street, Ipswich.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS, Negro Troupes, Vocalists, and others.—Whiskers and Moustaches, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 7d.; Full Beard and Moustache, 2s. 6d. Spring Moustache, 7d., with Imperial, 10d. Comic Nose, 1s.; Nigger Wigs, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.; to fly up, 4s. 6d. All sent post-free. Catalogue for stamp. Wigs and Fancy Dress Costumes for Balls and Theatrical Performances on Sale and Hire. Amateur Performances attended.—W. WALLIS, 45 and 46, Tabernacle-walk, London, E.C.

1S. BE IN TIME. 1S.

1S. CHRISTMAS LUCKY 1S.
BOXES.

EVERY BOX contains a SPLENDID ARTICLE of ASSYRIAN GOLD or SILVER JEWELLERY, worth at least Double the Money Paid. Many of the prizes will be found to contain prizes sold by retail jewellers at from 10s. to 15s. each. Sterling Silver Watches will from time to time be included. The Magnificent Collection of Jewellery consists of ASSYRIAN GOLD Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Necklets, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Victoria Albert's, Gem Rings, Albert Chains (marked 18c. on every link), Scarf Rings, Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Charms, Gold Pencil Cases, &c., &c.

1S. JUST READ THIS. 1S.

To every purchaser of one of these Lucky Boxes I will present Free a Bonus Packet for dull Evenings' Amusement.

1S.—BONUS PACKET—1S.

CONTAINS

A Cure for Love, a Packet of splendid Transferable Oil Paintings, Mother Shipton's Prophecies, a Lovely Card of Flower Design, with Sixteen Beautiful Photographic Views of London, a Comical Curious Love Letter, a Splendid French Chromo Picture, and 100 Beautiful Relief Scraps for Albums, &c.

Remember all the above given FREE with the LUCKY BOX.

This is, without doubt, the most Extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered, and, as this advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.

Remember the CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOX and the BONUS PACKET ALL FOR ONE SHILLING; or, carriage-paid, 15 stamps; two for 2s. 3d.

Readers will therefore CUT THE COUPON OUT, and say how many required. We feel confident that they will delight all. Each article will form a suitable and handsome present for those who wish to have something to give away. Being makers, we are enabled to supply articles that can be viewed with admiration at one half the usual charge.

DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

We have no hesitation in announcing this the GREATEST DISTRIBUTION in the Jewellery Trade.

The Coupon must be sent, in all cases, with name and address written very plainly.

As the demand for these articles are expected to be very great, the EARLIEST RETURNS of COUPONS will prevent delay in delivery. All Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive.

P.J LUCKY-BOX COUPON. [I.

This Coupon entitles the holder to one or more LUCKY BOXES and BONUS PACKETS, carriage-paid, One for 1s. 3d., Two for 2s. 3d., Five for 5s.

The Two Lots for the price of One.

Stamps taken, but Post-Office Orders preferred, as they are much safer, made payable at Matthias-place.

JOHN J. CARTER,
WHOLESALE JEWELLER, &c., MATTHIAS-ROAD, LONDON, N.
Established 1870.

SEND FOR ONE BOX AND YOU WILL SEND FOR A DOZEN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The extraordinary success that has been obtained in America by the sale of

1S. THE PHILADELPHIA 1S.
POCKET
1S. TIME INDICATOR 1S.

has induced the Patentees and Manufacturers to appoint as the Sole Agent for this Country J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, London, N.

This admirable little article is the size and shape of an ordinary watch, has steel balance, crystal glass dome, strongly made and handsome case; and in fact no one, either male or female, should want to a watch when such an opportunity as this offers. During the Philadelphia Exhibition

200,000 OF THESE TIME INDICATORS WERE SOLD IN ONE WEEK.

WHAT THE PUBLIC SAY.

Read the following letters, selected from the many daily being received.—N.B. The original and hundreds of others are to be seen at our warehouse:—

"The Vicarage, Anglesey.

"Dear Sir,—I received the Pocket Timepiece yesterday, and was quite pleased with it. Please send me another by return of post. I inclose stamps.—Yours truly, Rev. H——."

"Keighley, Scotts-street.

"Dear Sir,—Would you be kind enough to send me four more of the Timepieces like the one already sent? I consider them quite a curiosity. Stamps inclosed, 4s. 6d.—Yours, &c., GUY P——."

POST-FREE, 1s. 3d.; TWO for 2s. 3d.

THE NEW POCKET INDICATOR

(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases; steel works; balanced action; enamelled dial; crystal glass dome; patent adjusting arrangement for attaching to watch-guard; each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years.

J. J. CARTER, Importer,
Matthias-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.
Established 1870.

When sending, please fill up this form:—

P.J FORM OF ORDER. [I.

Please supply me with a PHILADELPHIA POCKET TIMEPIECE.

Name in full .....
Street and No. .....
Town .....
County .....

Inclosing the necessary amount in stamps.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

J. J. CARTER,
IMPORTER,
MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON,
LONDON, N.

Post-Office Orders to be made payable at the Chief Office, London.

E. T. THEOBALD'S NOVELTIES.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES IN LONDON.

THE UNIQUE MAGIC-LANTERN, entirely new shape, cylindrical body, movable bottom, has focussing tube with two good lenses, slide holder, lamp, and reflector. Warranted to throw a good and clear picture. No. 1, with 18 coloured pictures, 1s. 10d., post-free; No. 2, larger, with 36 pictures, 2s. 10d., free; No. 3, largest size and 36 pictures, 4s., free by railway.

THE GREAT SHIRT FEAT.—How to remove a person's shirt without tearing or injuring it while his coat is on, by simply taking hold of the shirt collar. A clever performance, always causing roars of laughter. Post-free, 7d.

THE ELECTRIC FUSEE-CASE, nickel silver. Anyone but the owner attempting to open receives a sharp shock, which usually makes them utter some words more expressive than polite. Post-free, 1s. 8d.

THE PANTOGRAPH. (Patented.) By means of this simple mechanical contrivance anyone can copy, enlarge, or reduce pictures, life-size, Photographs, Maps, Designs, Portraits, Plans, &c., in pencil or crayon, no practice or skill required. If you live near, call and see it at work. We especially recommend it for enlarging Portraits to life size. The way in which it performs its work is surprising. Post-free, with full instructions, 1s. 2d.

THE SHOCKING MACHINE (Registered).—Electricity and its wonders being just now in everyone's mind, we have brought out a Model of a Coil Machine for giving shocks, the effects of which are wonderful. People no sooner see it than they are anxious to try it. The handle is moved, the finger placed on the shocking tube, when a sudden thrill goes through the nerves. The effect is instantaneous, and various; some laugh and look wise, some use unparliamentary language, some kick, more jump, and all exclaim; many will be seen stealing off with or trying to borrow the machine, to try its effects on others. It is the biggest JOKE of the season. The works are made of brass, copper, and steel, and mounted on polished wood base. Each machine packed in box, with instructions, post-free, 1s. 3d.

SPLENDID ENGLISH MAGIC LANTERN, with best lenses, brass fronts, rack-work lamp, and silver-plated reflector, with dozen good slides, and instructions, 7s. 6d.; or with 57 movable and other pictures, 10s. 6d.; large size, 14s. 6d., 21s.

VENTRILOQUISM.—Everyone may learn this mysterious art of throwing the voice in any direction. Full Instructions, with amusing dialogues, 110 pages, by Maccabe. Post-free 1s. 2d.

EVERYONE HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.—With this apparatus anyone can copy his own or friends' likenesses equal to a photographer. Cabinet, with all instructions, chemicals, apparatus, &c., free, 2s. 3d.

THE ANIMATED PIN.—Oxidised metal. The eyes and tongue of the grotesque head which forms this Pin roll about and protrude in the most horrible, yet lifelike, manner. Post-free, 1s. 3d.

THE CONJUROR'S CABINET containing Twenty good Tricks, including the Spiritualistic Bell, Magic Cards, mysterious ring, grandmother's chapelet, Japanese ball, &c. Post-free, 15 stamps.

OUR Speciality for Young People is our MAGIC-LANTERN MYSTERIES, consisting of one best English Magic Lantern, black japanned, with rackwork, lamp, and silver-plated reflector, best lenses, and brass focussing tubes, and the following fifty-seven good pictures:—Nine Pictures representing a nursery tale; six panoramic sea views; one panorama slide, with mechanic figures, ships, &c.; three mechanical changing slides; two chromatropes, one Chinese Juggler, and thirty-six good comic pictures. No. 1 size set, 10s. 6d.; No. 2, 14s. 6d.; No. 3, largest size, 21s.

MAGICAL APPARATUS. Variety of entirely new tricks unknown to the public. See Special List.

FORTY-SIX PAGE CATALOGUE of MAGIC. Over 300 illustrations of Tricks, Scientific Novelties, and Amusements. Post-free, 1s. 2d.

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Model Steam-Engines, Boats, Lathes, Electrical Apparatus, &c., 3 stamps.

MAGIC LANTERNS.—Over 5000 Slides to select from. Lanterns, 4s. to £20. See Illustrated Book, 3 stamps.

DR. LYNN'S LIGHT SÉANCE ILLUSION. No apparatus required. Performer is tied in a chair, and his handkerchief tightly together; knotted him, yet his coat is instantly taken off; tambourines and other instruments played and thrown about by invisible hands. Full Particulars, free, 1s. 6d.

THE MARVELLOUS CHANGING GLASS OF WINE.—A glass of pure water changes to sherry and then to water at will. Quite clear; may be tasted and examined. No mechanism or chemicals. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

THE MARVELLOUS PICTURE-FRAME.—Taken to pieces and examined, three cards are chosen by the audience and placed in the frame, when cards immediately appear framed in it. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

THE MAGICIAN'S PACK OF CARDS.—Enabling the owner, without sleight of hand, to perform a quantity of wonderful effects. Post-free, 1s. 2d.

THE CUT THREAD PERFORMANCE.—A surprising effect. About half a yard of thread is cut by anyone into about six pieces; without covering it in any way this restored in one piece, and may be examined. Post-free, 7d.

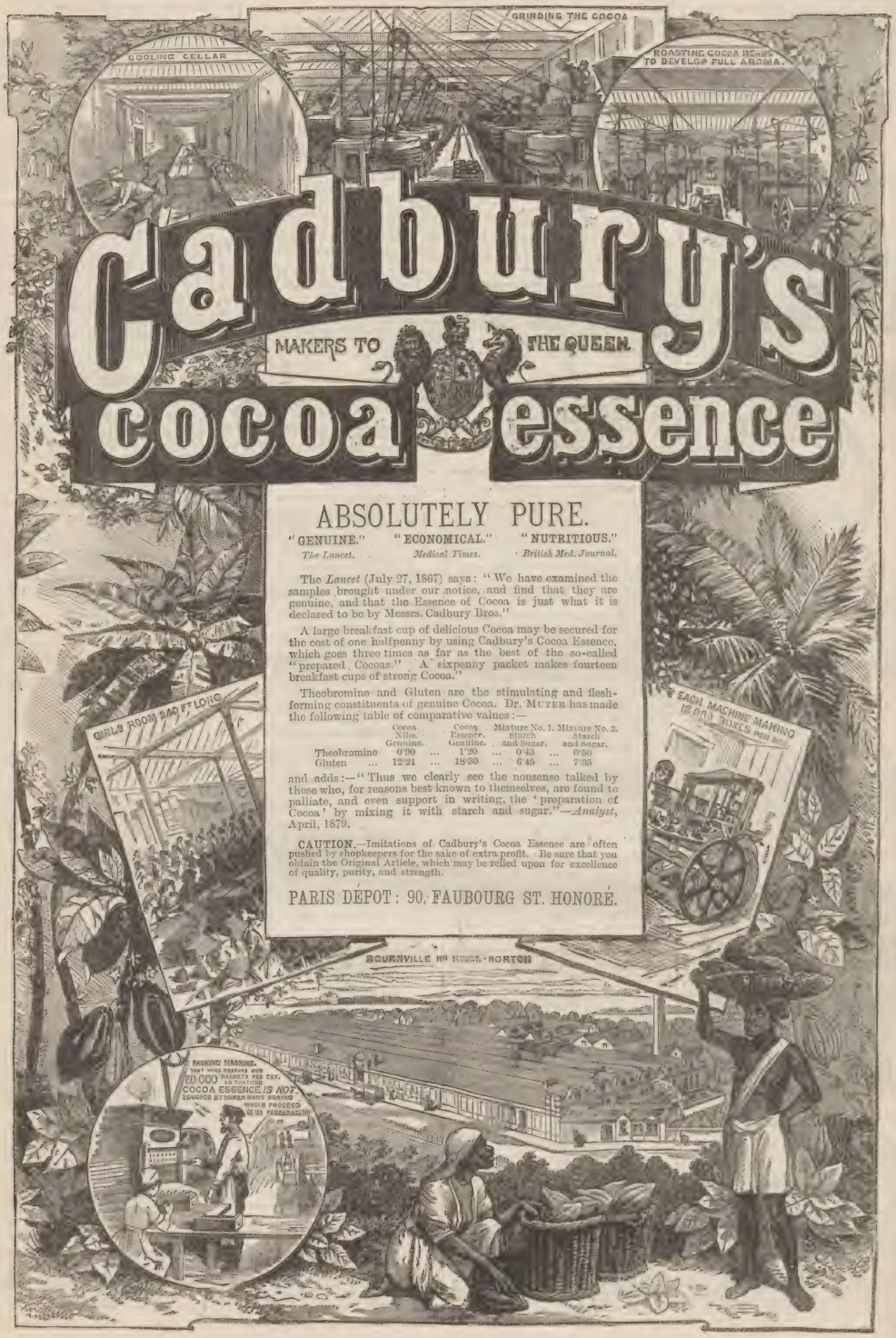
BLOOD-WRITING ON THE ARM. No chemicals required. The arm shown bare, a word chosen by the audience, and instantly appears on the arm, written in blood-writing. Post-free, 1s. 2d.

FAKIR OF OOLU'S WAND.—An ordinary wand. The hand shown empty, at command, a wand, 12 inches long, appears in it. This may be magnetised by performer, and will then remain suspended in position anywhere without support. No mechanism. Post-free, 1s. 2d.

Hundreds of other Illusions. See List.

ENTERTAINMENTS PROVIDED ANYWHERE, For Parties, Schools, &c. Terms free.

E. T. THEOBALD,
BRITANNIA MAGICAL WORKS,
PORTLAND HOUSE (opposite Station),
GREENWICH, LONDON, S.E.



ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"GENUINE." *The Lancet.* "ECONOMICAL." *Medical Times.* "NUTRITIOUS." *British Med. Journal.*

The *Lancet* (July 27, 1867) says: "We have examined the samples brought under our notice, and find that they are genuine, and that the Essence of Cocoa is just what it is declared to be by Messrs. Cadbury Bros."

A large breakfast cup of delicious Cocoa may be secured for the cost of one halfpenny by using Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, which goes three times as far as the best of the so-called "prepared Cocoas." A sixpenny packet makes fourteen breakfast cups of strong Cocoa."

Theobromine and Gluten are the stimulating and flesh-forming constituents of genuine Cocoa. Dr. MUTER has made the following table of comparative values:—

	Cocoa Nibs. Genuine.	Cocoa Essence. Genuine.	Mixture No. 1. Starch and Sugar.	Mixture No. 2. Starch and Sugar.
Theobromine	0·90	1·20	0·43	0·50
Gluten	12·21	18·50	6·45	7·35

and adds:—"Thus we clearly see the nonsense talked by those who, for reasons best known to themselves, are found to palliate, and even support in writing, the 'preparation of Cocoa' by mixing it with starch and sugar."—*Analyst*, April, 1879.

CAUTION.—Imitations of Cadbury's Cocoa Essence are often pushed by shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit. Be sure that you obtain the Original Article, which may be relied upon for excellence of quality, purity, and strength.

PARIS DÉPOT: 90, FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

372

MY NEW BONNET.

FROM A PAINTING BY MARIE CORNELISSEN.

372

MY NEW BONNET.

FROM A PAINTING BY MARIE CORNELISSEN.

EXTRA

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

THE MAD JACKAL.

AN EAST INDIAN ADVENTURE.

BY

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

"DEAD HINDOO! Where—where? There—there!"

Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above string of exclamatory phrases; the fancied utterances of an animal with which all travellers in Hindostan are but too familiar—the *pheal*, or jackal.

Though by nature a cowardly creature, the Indian jackal fears not to approach the habitations of man, where it is in a manner tolerated for its services as a messenger. And whenever troops are in cantonment or on the march, it accompanies them, often in large numbers, skulking around the camp, and making night hideous with its wildly mournful *wa-wa-wa*.

But the soldier hates it for something besides its howling.

He knows the brute to be ravenous as wolf itself; and that it will not only eat up the meat bones left by the bivouac fire, but himself, should he be overtaken by death, and not yet securely interred. It will even enter the walled cemetery, tear up bodies recently buried, and devour them even in a far-gone state of decomposition!

Like its near congener, the hyena, it is the merriest of poltroons, and a child may put a pack of them to flight. Yet there are occasions when the Indian jackal is a creature to be dreaded, even more than the tiger itself; and I have known one to keep a whole regiment of soldiers in mortal fear for the most part of a night; I myself was constrained by the same to pass as irksome an hour as I ever remember.

* * * * *

AD! I shall never forget that night. In India, of course, it was; where, a young subaltern gazetted to the —th Hussars, I had just joined my regiment, to find it on the eve of setting out on a three-days' march. On the evening of the second day we halted near the outskirts of a native village, where there was excellent camping-ground, a clear-water stream, with a stretch of pasture on which to picket our horses. We had an eye, also, to fowls, fresh eggs, and other etceteras likely to be obtained in the village, as an adjunct to the ordinary rations of a regiment *en route*.

Captain Conyers, who commanded the troop to which I was attached, the first lieutenant, and myself messed together on the march; and we soon dispatched a couple of servants to the village for such prog, in the way of tit-bits, as they could pick up.

Almost immediately, and to our surprise, they came back empty-handed, with the explanatory report that the villagers were all shut up in their houses, in such a state of affright that not one of them would venture out, much less do marketing! Moreover, there was lamentation in several families, as though each had lost one or more of its members!

The cause of all this was, of course, made known to our emissaries, who, in turn, told us. *A maud pheal* had run a-muck through the village, and bitten some eight or ten of the people—men, women, and children.

As the occurrence had but just taken place, and the rabid animal was still believed to be in the village or its precincts, we little wondered at our purveyors returning as they had done. They went on a similar errand, came back with like rapidity, and equally light laden.

Though somewhat annoyed by the disappointment, we, of course, could not blame them, and did not; though I, myself, new to Indian life, was half inclined to laugh at their fears. But my brother officers regarded it in a different light; Captain Conyers saying, as we discussed our evening meal—more frugal from this sinister circumstance—that a jackal in a state of rabies is quite as dangerous as a mad dog, sometimes more, since it will not only bite all who come in its way, man or beast, but go out of its way to get at them, following its victim up with implacable pertinacity.

"And its bite," added he, "is nearly always fatal—hydrophobia almost certain to ensue. I've myself known of cases of men going mad from it; of horses, too, becoming infected and tearing others, to the destruction of half a troop. While serving in the Central Provinces, where jackals are specially abundant, I had a valuable charger bitten by one. The horse went mad, and set upon the *syce* who had charge of him with hoofs and teeth, mangling the poor fellow in a fearful manner. The man got well of his wounds, and for a time we thought no more about it. But months after, hydrophobia declared itself, and he died in the greatest agony."

While still seated at supper, and receiving this information, strange as new to me, we became aware of a commotion in the camp—a confused rushing to and fro, with cries proclaiming alarm. The place of our private bivouac was some distance apart from that occupied by our men; and the night now on, a dark one, hindered us from seeing what caused the *tracas*. We learnt it, however, by hearing; that only three words, but enough to explain all. For more than one voice was repeating them in tones of wildest terror.

"The mad Jackal! The mad Jackal!"

We sprang to our feet, with as much alacrity as if the rabid brute were already beside us. But it came not our way; nor were we even favoured with a sight of it; though for over an hour after the camp was kept in a state of scare as great as if surprised by the approach of a human enemy. Now it was "mad Jackal!" here; now there; anon at some different and distant point, as could be told by shots and the shouts of those pursuing it. Yet, after all this, the chased creature escaped destruction in the darkness, no one knowing where it was, or whither gone.

"Just possible," observed Captain Conyers, when tranquillity had been, to some extent, restored, and we were smoking a cheroot by our bivouac fire. "Just possible it warn't the mad Jackal after all. More likely some other; as there must be scores of them prowling about the camp."

"Pardon, Sahib Capen!" interposed one of our native attendants in waiting. "It de madee pheal, for shoo; tame dat bittee pleepum in der village."

"How know you that, my man?"

"De tail tell um so, Sahib. Him no none gottee—ony leetle bit 'tump. De village pleepum say der one dat bit um jist de same."

Certainly there were grounds for believing them the same, and far too satisfactory. We had heard that the Jackal chevied about the camp was almost tailless; and to learn it was so with that which had made havoc among the villagers, placed its identification beyond doubt.

It was not till a late hour that the camp became quieted down, and confidence re-established. Even then many remained under a sense of uncertainty; for, knowing the dangerous brute to be still at large, each naturally supposed it might stray his way, and take a snap at him. So, for a long while, but few went to sleep, most of those who did doubtless to dream of mad dogs.

But there was something besides to keep us awake; a drenching downpour of rain, that came on just as we were about to turn in. As we were on scout, and in lightest marching order, a small tent to each troop was all the canvas we carried, which barely served the Captain himself. Of course, we subs were entitled to a share of it; but in the warm tropical nights had preferred slinging our hammocks to trees, and sleeping *sub Jove*.

This night it was different, and we would have all squeezed into the tent, but that before supper, strolling some way into the woods, we had noticed an old building, in which there was a large room apparently rain-proof. A Buddhist temple, or something of the sort it was, abandoned and partially in ruins.

Remembering this, my fellow subaltern and I had our hammocks conveyed thither, and hung in the room which, sure enough, proved weather-proof. Luckily, we found hooks on the walls, though the pair to which mine was slung were so high up I had some difficulty in mounting into it.

As it had been a longish day's march, we were both much fatigued, and soon fell asleep. Nor did either of us awake till the camp bugles were sounding the "Reveille." Hearing which my brother officer sprang from his hammock, and hastened to equip himself, crying out to me,

"Up old fellow! Look sharp. Our Colonel's the greatest martinet in all the Indian army, a very epitome of pipeclay; and Captain Conyers ditto. If we're not at roll-call to a second we'll get black looks, or something worse."

Saying which, he slipped into his tunic—the only garment either of us had taken off—buckled to his sabre-belt, clapped on the busby, and was out of the room before I had time to get well awake.

* * * * *

By nature of a somewhat somnolent habit, and then little accustomed to military promptness—moreover, on that particular morning feeling unusually drowsy—I lay still awhile, regardless of the caution given me even till I heard the "Assembly" sounded. Then, rousing myself, I sate up in my hammock with legs over the edge, preparatory to springing out of it. While thus, I became sensible of a strange smell pervading the room, a fetid, powerful odour such as might proceed from a combination of fox and polecat.

Casting my eyes below, I at once learnt the cause. The room had but one window, a small aperture, unglazed; and just inside this, where it had entered, was an animal, the sight of which sent a cold shiver through my frame. For it was a jackal, and that without tail or but the stump of one!

Its jaws were wide apart, with tongue protruded, its eyes apparently on fire, its whole body panting and quivering in such a way as to proclaim it mad. But I could have no doubt about this, nor any of its being the same animal which had caused lamentation in the village and consternation in our camp. The absence of tail was evidence enough, for me more than enough.

Still in the hammock, which was in violent oscillation from my effort to rise erect, I had no hope to escape being seen by it. In fact, it saw me already; had seen me before I saw it, and, with eyes on me still, seemed gathering itself for a bound upward. As my legs were dangling down within easy reach of it, I drew them up with a quick jerk. Not an instant too soon; for the beast did make its bound, passing the spot just vacated by my pedal extremities, which, had they been still there, would certainly have been seized by it.

The disappointment seemed to cause it surprise, as for some time after it stood in a dark distant corner of the room, quiet and cowering. But I knew it would not long remain so, and felt certain the attack would be renewed. Offensive weapons I had none. My pistols and sabre were suspended against the wall far beyond reach. They might as well have been miles away, since I dare not drop down to the floor, and otherwise I could not get at them. There was, therefore, but the alternative of standing on the defence, and for this I had nothing at hand, save my tunic. Luckily, I had hung it over the slinging-gear of my hammock, close to hand. Meanwhile, I had got upon my knees, steadily balanced with the netting, and the blanket well up around me, and, folding the tunic shield-fashion, I awaited the onslaught of the jackal.

As yet I had uttered no shout, instead kept silent, as though I had lost the power of speech. Partly because I had no hope of being heard. The walls were thick; the door, a massive structure, with self-shutting hinges, had slammed to behind my brother officer as he went out; while the little hole of a window opened upon the woods, the side opposite to that of the camp. Shout loudly I might, it was not likely I would be heard, all the less at such a time, with everyone hurrying to answer the roll-call.

But I had another reason for preserving silence; and a stronger one. If not further irritated the animal might go out again, as it had entered, and leave me alone. Alas! it did not; instead, the very opposite. Just as I had got poised on my unsteady perch, a fresh spasm of madness seemed to come over it, and again it sprang up, and at me, open-mouthed. I met it with the folded tunic, hulling it back to the floor; several times so foiling it in rapid repetition; then it once more retreated to the dark corner, and then was an interregnum of rest, as if by an armistice agreed to between us.

How long this lasted I cannot tell; for the fear that was on me hindered calm reflection. I remember listening with all ears, in hope to hear voices outside. But as I had been shouting myself, at loudest, while in actual conflict with the jackal, and no one coming, my hope was not a high one. I remember, too, thinking of what my fellow-sub had said, and what a reckoning I would have with both Colonel and Captain. Even if I escaped in time to appear on parade, what a tale to tell! An officer of hussars held to his hammock—as it were besieged in his bed—by an animal no bigger than a fox—a cowardly creature oft chased by children! I should be ridiculed, laughed at beyond measure.

My unpleasant reflections were brought to an abrupt ending by the Jackal once more becoming excited, and making a fresh attack on me.

Just as before it sprang up at me, in successive attempts; which, fortunately, as before, I succeeded in repelling. My gold-laced cloth tunic proved protective as a coat of scale armour.

Our second conflict terminated very much as the first, with an interval of rest succeeding, only that in this my adversary, instead of returning to the dark corner, squatted down along the floor just under me. It was within convenient reach of cut or thrust; and how I wished at that moment to be as near to my sabre! With it in hand I could have cut the Gordian knot in an instant. But it was not to be.

Still despairing of escape, and glancing the room all around, a thought flashed across my brain inspiring hope. In the hammock late vacated by my fellow Lieutenant was his blanket, a large double one, within easy reach of my hand. Stretching out, I laid hold of it; then, spreading it to its fullest extent, let it down upon the squatted jackal.

The result was all I wished for; even more than I could have expected. Under the blanket, I saw the brute struggling to free itself, as a badger tied up in a bag. But I waited not for the finale; instead, jumped down from the hammock, and rushed out of the room.

Never were two hundred yards of space passed over in quicker time than those that separated my sleeping place and the camp. The most noted professional runner could not have done it in better time. And never did officer present himself on parade-ground in such guise as I—coatless, bootless, even without "busby"—that crown of glory to the hussar.

My comrades were about to break out in a roar of laughter; the Colonel, on the other hand, ready to receive me in a different fashion. But, seeing the state of excitement I was in, all stayed to hear the explanation.

It was easily given, and as easily understood. The mad jackal was fresh in every mind, as the knowledge of the animal having escaped. As a consequence, there was now a tail-on-end rush towards the old ruin, with a determination to put an end to the creature that had caused so much trouble.

It was accomplished without any difficulty. I myself being its destroyer. Armed with my tiger-rifle, through the aperture of the open window I was able to get a good sight on it, and send a bullet through its disordered brain.

It had done damage enough, as we learnt afterwards; most of the villagers bitten by it dying of hydrophobia, while the result of its razzia through our camp was the loss of several horses bitten, though, luckily, the men, both soldiers and camp followers, escaped the fearful infliction.

For myself, I could never afterwards look at a jackal—little feared as these brutes be—without a creeping sensation, a belief of these being, above all other animals, dangerous, and to be dreaded.

Since that day many a tiger have I chased and killed; but never encountered one with such fear as I felt when face to face with that tailless Jackal made the ruined shrine of Buddha.

In Bloom and Berry.

BY

ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

LONG after the summer goes the summer flowers forget to leave off blooming in Ivy-lane. We call it Ivy-lane not on account of any extraordinary growth of ivy in its hedges, but because it leads to an old grey-stone, ivy-covered house at its further extremity, which is known as Ivy Lodge.

Ivy Lodge is the house of the happiest-hearted pair of old people whom it is possible to meet with in journeying through life. Nice, comfortable, self-adjusting people, who are not unreasonably expectant of special mercies and favours being extended to themselves, but who are always ready and willing to extend mercy and favour to any of their fellow-creatures who need either at their hands.

It is Christmas-Eve, and the master and mistress of Ivy Lodge are buckling on their armour and preparing to receive their guests for the morrow, and for a few days following the morrow, if only those guests will stay on contentedly. Mrs. Dunstan has laid in an extra stock of the best Welsh blankets, and Mr. Dunstan has broken open a sealed bin of the choicest Madeira. And the butcher, and poulterer, and butterman, and grocer have received orders from Ivy Lodge, which have gladdened their respective souls and given them a feeling of vicarious anticipatory pleasure in the coming festivities at Ivy Lodge.

It promises to be the most interesting Christmas the Dunstans have known for many years; for their only daughter, Maud, has just come home from a long visit to an old schoolfellow; and this old schoolfellow accompanies her, and is already known in Ivy Lodge (though she has only been in it twenty-four hours) as "Sunshine."

* * * * *

It is a midwinter morning in Ivy-lane, and between banks full of bloom and hedges full of berry the two girls, Maud Dunstan and Violet Bland, are trudging along, intent on filling the baskets they carry with all the choicest flowers and bits of foliage they can see.

Maud is a roundabout, peachy-faced, grey-eyed girl, with a redundancy of health and good spirits, and nicely tinted flesh about her. Not a fat girl, by any means, but just a full and fairly-proportioned one. No sylph, but a satisfactory flesh-and-blood creature, who looks equally well in a winter walking costume of velvet and fur, as in a summer toilette of soft, clinging lacez and muslin.

Her friend, Violet Bland, alias "Sunshine," is something widely different.

A thin blonde, with waving golden hair and steel-blue eyes, that strike fire into the hearts of all who dare to look into them. A white-skinned, long-limbed girl, with tiny hands and feet, and the sinuous ways of a serpent. A girl who can call up the sunniest smile or the stormiest scowl at a moment's notice.

The two girls are stretching themselves up at their full length now, in order to grasp and gather the finest sprigs of holly that grow up high on the hedges.

It is their duty and pleasure to decorate, not only Ivy Lodge, but the village church and schools this day, and they are going about their duty and pleasure well and eagerly—as girls are apt to go about either when they know it will presently be shared by another.

Another comes presently, in the shape of a well-grown, good-looking young fellow, in an unmistakably fashionable tailor-made riding suit. At sight of him Maud gathers her berries more pertinaciously than ever for a few moments. But presently—after she has pretended not to see him, then deigned to observe him, then to clamber down the hedge and begin to talk to him—she leaves all the berry-gathering work to her friend Violet.

"So, Maud, you're home again?" he begins, beating his well-made boot with a neat whip.

"Yes, Mr. Carthew; I came home last week."

"Come, Maud; you're not going to be stiff, and 'Mister' me," he says, in a tone of jesting reproach. Then, in a lower tone, he adds,

"Who's the pretty friend?—a new governess?"

"No, indeed! She is Miss Bland. Violet! come down and let me introduce you to Mr. Carthew."

Violet springs down from the hedge like an antelope; but her haste has not been occasioned by her desire to see Mr. Carthew. So much is evident; for, after a brief bow and a cursory glance at that gentleman, she says,

"Just see, Maud! here on this wild rose-bush bough, full of berries, there's a little rose in bloom! a dear little pale pink wild rose blooming at Christmas! isn't it sweet and inconsistent of it."

They sniff cautiously at the rose, and ejaculate about its beauties; and all the while the girls are engaged in rapturously contemplating it, and in commending it for its disregard of the seasonable order of things, Mr. Carthew is occupied in contemplating them critically, and in comparing and contrasting them.

He is the bachelor Squire of Bale, the parish in which Ivy Lodge is situated, and his brother is the bachelor Rector of the parish, so Mr. Carthew has a fair excuse, if he needs one, for seeking out and joining the girls in an expedition which is to end in decorating the church.

But Maud knows that she is the real reason of his being in Ivy Lodge this morning. Ever since she was a little girl of ten, and he a young Adonis of twenty, he has been the secret hero of her heart. And now she is eighteen! prettier than ever! and she has just come home after a long visit! and well, we all know that absence proverbially increases the fondness of those who are fond already!

"We must begin our rides again, Maud," he says presently. "I often exercised your Bluebell while you were away; you'll find her in first-rate going order; no one will live with you with the hounds now."

Maud blushes with pleasure, partly at hearing that he has looked after her mare Bluebell's weal, and partly at the compliment to her prowess in the saddle and her probable place in the field.

"Sunshine rides splendidly," she says, and then adds, "Papa doesn't quite know what to do for a mount for her."

"Who's Sunshine!" he asks, as carelessly as if he were not quite convinced in his own mind that "Sunshine" is none other than the glittering blonde who is so interested in the flowers and ferns, and so indifferent to his presence.

"Oh! I forgot, I mean Violet; how should you know that we all call her Sunshine?"

Maud dashes across the road to gather a heavily laden holly spray as she says this, and Mr. Carhew draws a step or two nearer to Violet, and mutters—

"Snowflake would be a more appropriate name, I fancy; Sunshine is suggestive of warmth and geniality."

She laughs, showing all her little glittering teeth as she does it, and quotes the words of the old song—

"She must be perfect snow
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not like fire, by burning too."

He looks round at Maud, who is still absorbed in her task by separating a tough bit of holly from its parent stem, then says hastily to Violet—

"Give me that wild rose, will you?"

"What for?"

"As a curiosity."

She hands it to him, and he has just placed it in an envelope when Maud comes over to them, hot from her exertions, but happy and triumphant.

"It's the very loveliest bit I ever saw in all my life," she cries, enthusiastically; "it's a prodigy of berry-bearing, and quite rivals your wild rose, Sunshine."

Sunshine admits that it does; and Mr. Carthew feels that it may be as well to neatly balance things by asking Maud to give it to him.

She gives it without a word; but with a shy, happy drooping of her eyelids that speaks volumes. It is a pretty, as well as a prickly token, not half as easy for Mr. Carthew to manage as the wild rose. In putting it into his button-hole he breaks off several berries; and Miss Bland, who is watching him, with an easy, amused smile, says,

"Why don't you put it in an envelope, and then into an outer pocket. Maud will expect to see her gift worn at dinner to-morrow; won't you, Maud?"

"I—I—." Maud begins to blush and stammer; and Sunshine goes on mercilessly.

"It's quite the right horticultural decoration for the season; the turkey will wear it, and so will the plum-pudding and mince-pies."

"And the goose, if there is one," Mr. Carthew puts in so meaningly; and with such a glance at Sunshine, who returns it in such a way that Maud repents of her gift of holly, and feels as if a dinness had come over her bright happiness of the morning.

"Yes! the goose, if there is one, will wear it, of course," Sunshine says, quietly, smiling all the time in her dazzling, cool way. Then the trio walk on in silence for a few moments, until a magpie, flying across the road, makes Maud exclaim,

"One, for sorrow!"

(Continued on page 422.)

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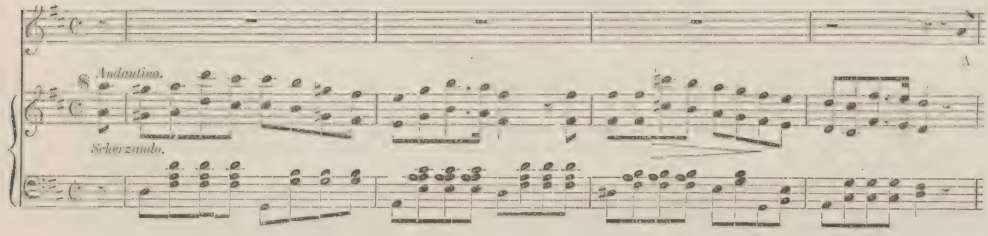

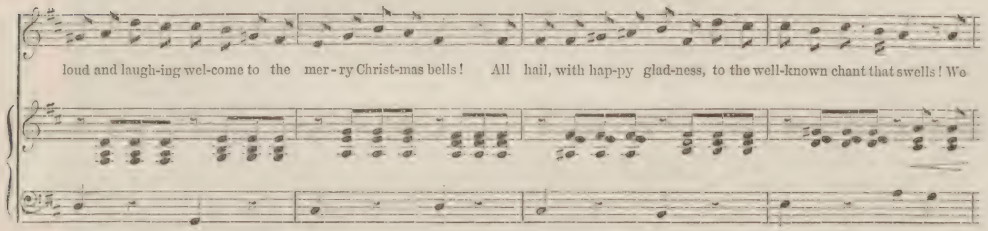

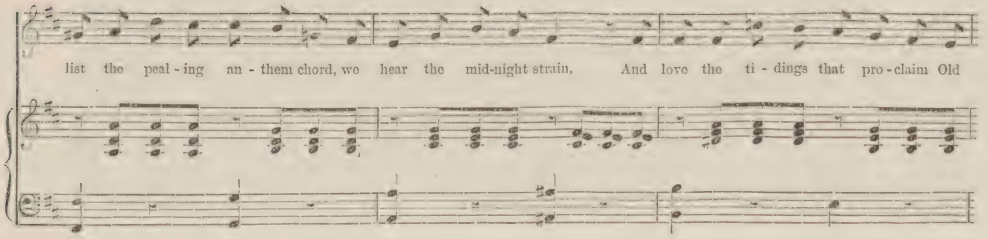

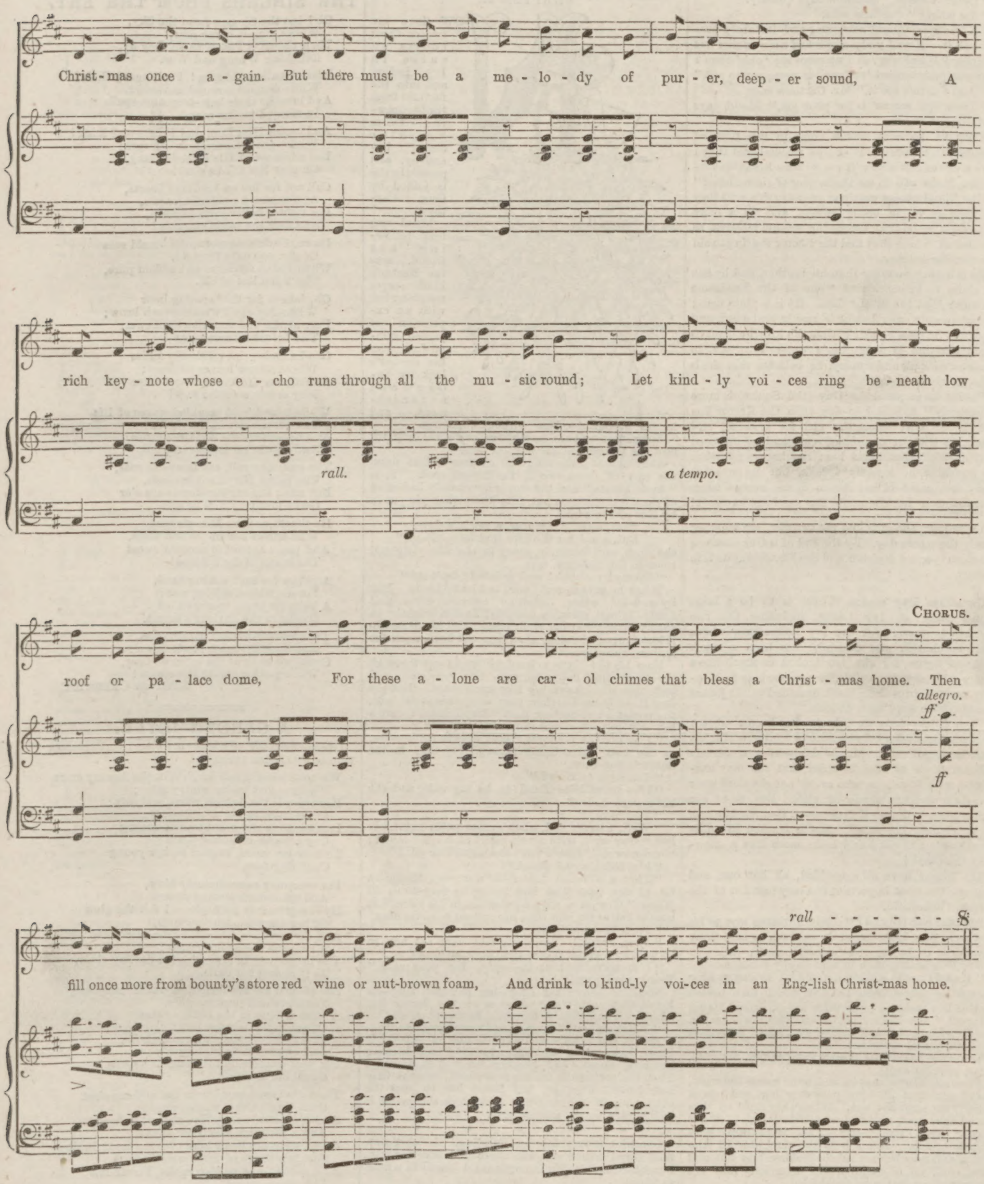

A blithe and joyous welcome to the berries and the leaves
That hang about our household walls in dark and rustling sheaves;
Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board,
And let the mistletoe look down while pledging-draughts are poured.
But there must be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest,—
All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowers in the breast;
For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas home.

Chorus.

Then fill once more from bounty's store red wine or nut-brown foam,
And drink to honest hearts within an English Christmas home.

"I didn't see it," Sunshine says quickly.

"See what?" Carthew asks.

"A magpie: Maud saw one, and instantly proclaimed it. Now I make a point of *never* seeing one magpie; it's unlucky, so I no more see 'one' than I see an acquaintance I've found it necessary to cut."

"And I didn't see it," Mr. Carthew says.

"Then the sorrow is for poor me," Maud says ruefully.

"Let us hope it won't come in the form of strangles to Bluebell. I've just remembered that I have a clever cob who will carry Miss Bland to perfection, if she will do me the honour of riding him?"

Miss Bland gives a gracious assent to this, and they all then go on in better spirits, and in a more loquacious mood than before the magpie incident, to the church, where they find the Rector waiting to aid them in decorating.

He is a year younger than his brother, and he has no claim to be considered "one of the handsome Carthews," as his brother has. He is a plain man; almost an ugly one; but he is manly and good, and *true*, and he tries to think that the love he gives to Maud Dunstan is a brother's quiet love, for, in common with all and sundry, he believes that she is to be his sister-in-law.

To-day he is puzzled. Guy (the Squire) is more "brotherly" to Maud to-day than the Rector has ever been. Guy takes the girl for granted, and treats her with an amount of open and undisguised "friendship" that hurts her; she knows not why. To Sunshine he scarcely speaks, but he watches every movement of her lissom figure, every change that flits over her changeful face, and she knows it!

These four, the girls and the two men, are together nearly the whole day. By the end of it Guy Carthew has come to a new decision, and the Rector's brain is in a whirl.

Christmas Day comes. There is to be a large dinner party at Ivy Lodge, including the two Car hew brothers. All the Ivy Lodge people have been to church, and Sunshine has been a much observed figure, for she has looked as much like a young saint as it is possible for a young lady fashionably arrayed in a long black brocaded velvet jacket trimmed with deep sable to look.

Their dinner-dress for this day has been a subject of much discussion between the two girls, and it has been arranged that Maud shall wear a certain delicate shade of blue in order that she may harmonise with Sunshine, who avers that she shall wear a certain delicate shade of pink. But when she comes down to dinner it is observed that she has seen fit to change her mind. She is clothed in white plush and white silk! and looks more like a snowflake than ever!

The guests have all assembled, all but one, and that one the most important to every member of the Dunstan household.

"Where can Guy be?" Mrs. Dunstan says to his brother. She looks upon it as such a sure thing that he is to be her son-in-law, that she calls him "Guy," in anticipation of that happy relationship.

"He told me to come on, and said he was waiting for a little parcel from London, which he expected by this last train; a present for his old friend Maud, I expect," the Rector continues with a wan smile, for Guy blushed like a girl when I asked him what his little parcel contained."

Sunshine hears this remark, and smiles, her cool, clear, peculiar smile.

Presently Guy comes in, and, as he enters the room, Maud sees that his eyes pass over her, and search eagerly for some one else. When they light on Miss Bland they look satisfied, and Maud feels! What matter what she feels? This is happy, jolly Christmas-tide; and she is the daughter of the house, and may be excused for looking first hot and then cold, on account of the exertions that are consequent on this onerous position.

The business of the day, the dinner, begins in earnest now; and, as Sunshine prophesied, everything eatable is decked with holly. Suddenly it occurs to Maud to turn her head, and look at the floral decoration in Mr. Carthew's coat. It is the same wild, pale-pink rose which Sunshine found and gathered yesterday.

The girl knows now why her heart aches.

But she bears up bravely, and will not give her false lover the satisfaction of seeing her wear the willow because he chooses to wear the rose.

"I am glad to see you have it safe," she says, looking from the rose in his button-hole right up into his eyes. "Sunshine told me last night she feared she had thrown it away—in mistake."

"I was fortunate enough to be near when she threw it away," he says, calmly; and Sunshine hears this also, and rewards him with a smile that would at the moment lead him to trample on Maud's body as well as on her heart, if she stands between him and Sunshine.

CHAPTER II.

NOW there are two or three rooms en suite in Ivy Lodge, and into the farthest from the big drawing-room Sunshine strays by-and-by, and presently she is joined by Guy Carthew.

Maud sees him following her friend, sees the Rector's kind eyes watching her with an expression of pained sympathy, sees her mother's look of indignant astonishment, and nerves herself to bear without flinching.

But she never knew how much she loves him till now she knows that she has lost him.

She sings, and the song she chooses strikes upon the ears of those two in the far-off room. It is "Sweethearts," and the words have rarely had more of their full meaning put into them than are put in by this girl to-night.

"Oh, love! for a year, a week, a day;
But, alas! for the love that loves alway,"

she sings, and Sunshine, away in the dimly-lighted room in the distance, says,

"Pretty! pathetic! and pointed! isn't it?"

What he says in reply need not be told here. But by-and-by, when Sunshine emerges from that dimly-lighted room, a diamond flashes brightly on the third finger of her right hand; and Maud seeing it knows that the wild rose has not been worn for nothing this day.

Poor Maud! It is so hard for her to get through the intervening hours between this revelation and bed-time with anything like composure. But she does it, and Guy Carthew goes away this night with the complaisant feeling that "Maud doesn't care a bit, and will get over it in no time."

"I've done it to-night," Guy says to his brother, as the two drive home through Ivy-lane in the Squire's dog-cart.

"You have? How?"

"I've asked Miss Bland to be my wife, and she has accepted me."

"You have!"

"Well, I have; and, what's more to the point, *she* has," Guy says, with a vain effort at a light laugh; "and now say, Frank, isn't she a glorious girl?"

"I'm thinking of Maud."

"That's a faded flower—a worn-out theme—a bit of the past that had better be forgotten, old fellow," Guy says, with a pulsation in his voice that speaks better for him than his current conduct does.

"Then Maud is"——

"Free, Frank! Yes, quite free, dear old boy, to be won by a better fellow than your brother Guy."

"I'm sorry to hear it—sorry, for your sake," Frank says, gruffly.

Sunshine shows her ring—her engaged ring—to Maud this night; and as soon as the latter has admired it sufficiently, Sunshine begins to cloud.

"What on earth I shall do as a mere squire's wife—a mere commonplace Lady Bountiful—I don't know," she says, poutingly, twisting and turning her ring about, and looking tired of it already. Then she reviles the foolish rose which brought Guy and herself together, and Maud has to bear the extra pang of knowing that that which she prizes is disregarded by the winner of it.

* * * * *

Sunshine is very fair and dazzling. A richer man than Guy Carthew sees her soon, and sees her fair. Sunshine explains the circumstances briefly in a note to Maud.

"Don't take the trouble to go into a high-minded rage about me when I tell you that I've discovered my mistake. Mr. Carthew will do well to substitute *you* for *me* in his scheme of life. I am to be married to-morrow to Sir Leoni Levy; he has a charming shooting-box in the North, and in the time of bloom and berry we shall be happy to see you *with* Mr. Carthew, or without Mr. Carthew."

"Weakness to be wrath with weakness," Mr. Carthew quotes, when he receives and reads a duplicate of this epistle. "Old things are best after all," he goes on. "Maud will always prefer me to the richest Jew that ever lived."

Then he goes over to Ivy Lodge, where he is received with sweet severity by Mrs. Dunstan, who finds it hard to forgive him for having been dazzled by Sunshine. But there is no severity about Maud; and when he takes a sprig of holly and throws the withered wild-rose away, telling her he "is going to substitute the berry for the bloom, if she will let him?" she does not say him nay.

THE SINGERS FROM THE SKY.

Oh! list the Singers from the Sky,
Whose song is borne afar,
Their theme is Peace, as on they fly,
Rebuking Wrong and War.

Break! hallowed Morn! Peal, merry Bells!
While memories round us throng,
And breathe their half-forgotten spells
In many a tender song!

And crown Him Lord and Prince and King!
Whose grace descends in showers;
But while we of His Birthday sing,
Oh may His life be ours!

Call not for fire on breaking hearts,
And storms for shivering souls,
For light a holier calm imparts,
And love the world controls!

Dawn, Christmas morn, the herald sure
Of glorious days foretold,
When Earth retrieves an emblem pure,
The Eden lost of old.

Oh, labour for that coming hour
When Joy shall wreathe each brow;
For, as the bud contains the flower,
The future blossoms now!

Good angels print on cheeks a kiss
Where sorrow leaves its trace;
And all our dreams of future bliss
May crown a nobler race!

While tossed 'mid troubled waves of life
The pearl hides in the shell;
And noblest spirits rise from strife
And depths no tongue can tell.

The seas may roll, the tempests roar,
The bitter North winds chafe,
But when the raging storms are o'er
God's love may find us safe.

He sitteth now on Mercy's seat
Who knows our smiles and tears,
And pours abroad in accents sweet
The music of the spheres!

A pillow for each aching head,
For anguished spirits, rest;
A balm for every tear we shed
Dwells in the Saviour's breast.

Let pleasant fancies banish care,
And dark thoughts nestle down;
Count we as light the cross we bear,
While yonder shines the crown!

SHELDON CHADWICK.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

(We cull the following nosegay of a poem from FREDERICK LOCKER'S "London Lyrics.")

We have loiter'd and laugh'd in the flowery croft,
We have met under wintry skies;
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft
Is the light in her wistful eyes;
It is sweet in the silent woods, among
Gay crowds, or in any place
To hear her voice, to gaze on her young
Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,
And wine-dark pansies charm
By the prim box path where I felt the glow
Of her dimpled, trusting arm,
And the sweep of her silk as she turn'd and smiled
A smile as fair as her pearls;
The breeze was in love with the darling child,
As it moved her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
Foxglove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
Of red in the celadon jars:
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,
And roses of bountiful June—
Oh, who would think the summer spells
Could die so soon!

For a glad song came from the milking shed
On a wind of that summer south,
And the green was golden above her head,
And a sunbeam kiss'd her mouth;
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—
And the wings of Time were fleet
As I gazed; and neither spoke, for we felt
Life was so sweet!

And the odorous limes were dim above
As we leant on a drooping bough;
And the darkling air was a breath of love,
And a witching thrush sang "Now!"
For the sun dropt low, and the twilight grew
As we listen'd, and sigh'd, and leant—
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew
What the sweetness meant.

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G. A. Sala

Genoa Oct 16 1881

"At length, the dreadful feeling of congestion increasing every half-hour—if you wish to know what that feeling is, try to realise the idea that you are Mark Twain's celebrated Jumping Frog, and that somebody has "prized" your mouth open, and forced you to swallow a soup-ladleful of number seven shot—I arrived at the conclusion that the sooner I got out of Bastia the Barbarous the better it would be. It was five in the evening, and the diligence was just starting for Ajaccio. Fortunately, there was a place vacant in the coupé; and, as fortunately, I discovered in the remotest recesses of my travelling bag a tin box of Keating's Cough Lozenges. I had laid in a stock of half a dozen boxes at Roberts's, the English chemist, in the Rue de la Paix, before leaving Paris; but I had overlooked this particular box, and thought that my supply of Keatings was exhausted. That beneficent box! Mithridates, they say, fed on poisons until they became antidotes. I fed on Keatings nearly throughout a nineteen hours' miserable bumping and jolting along the mountain roads from one end of the island of Corsica to the other. I will not say how many lozenges I swallowed, lest you should think that I was taking advantage of the travelling adage, '*A beau mentir qui vient de loin.*' "—Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881.

KEATING'S LOZENGES are sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.—Saturday, December 17, 1881.